

# Willie Wizz

## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



# UK Comics Archive



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Director : Boutje Fedankt

Manager : Boutje Fedankt

Editor : Boutje Fedankt



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### Content

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Artists: Gerry Embleton, Eric Stephens,  
A. S. A. Newark, John Donnelly

Willie Wizz is a young wizard who lived many years ago in Tumbletown. Willie sets up shop and puts up a notice: "W. Wizz, Esq. Magic While You Wait. Enquiries Within." Before long he is hired by Timothy Thomas, who wishes his small dog was big enough to pull his cart. Willie's magic works - but on all the dogs in Tumbletown, who become oversized. And when he tries to fix the problem, instead of the dogs shrinking back he manages to turn every citizen of Tumbletown into a giant. Willie's magic often worked too well, proving the old adage that you should be careful what you wish for.

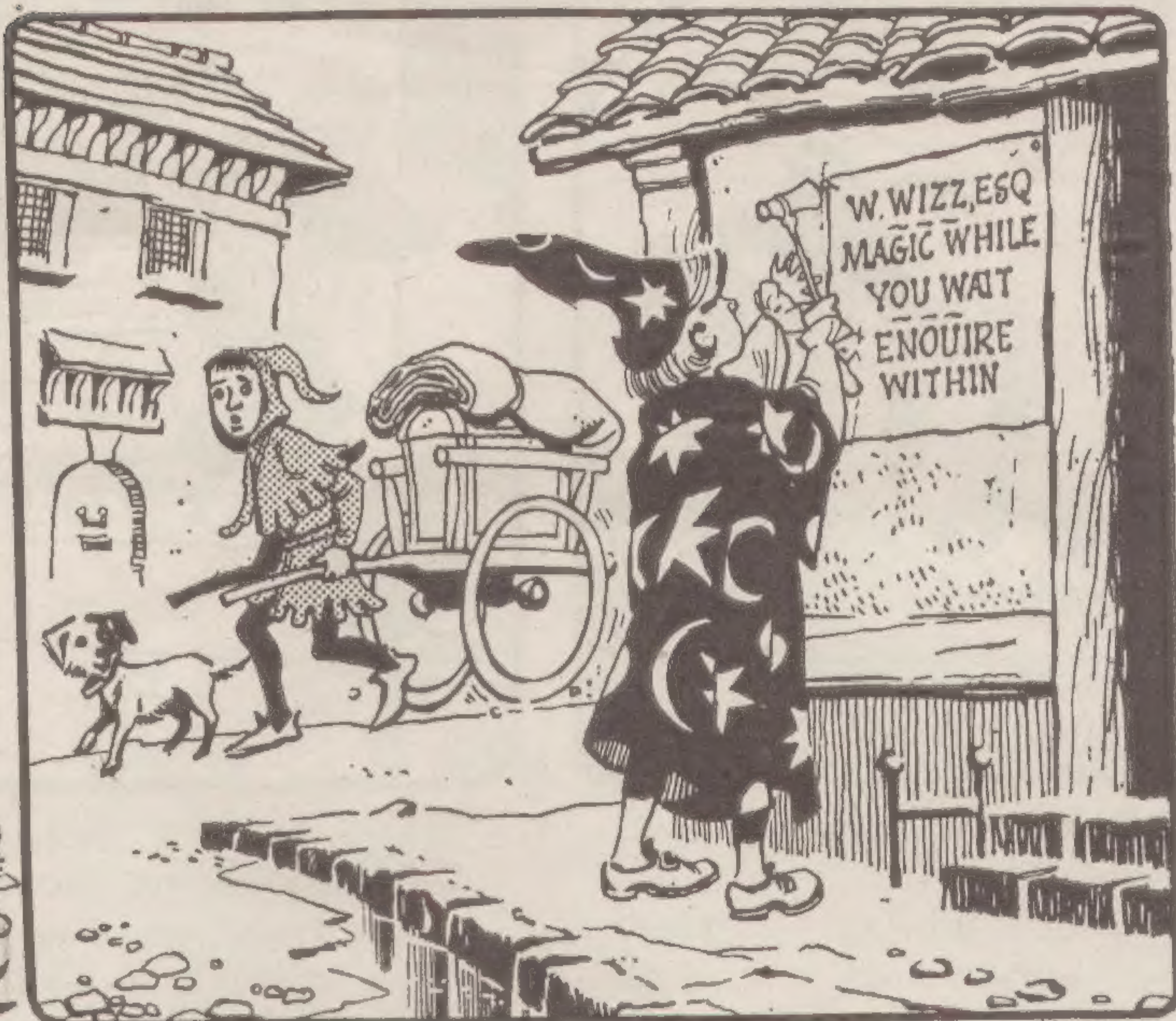
After six months of causing chaos, Willie found himself a safer job conducting the puzzle page for readers of Harold Hare's Own Paper.

# Willie Wizz

## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



1. Willie Wizz lived long, long ago in a place called Tumbletown. In those days people often used magic to get things done. Ever since he could remember, Willie had longed to become a magician.



2. You see, magicians, because they are so useful, are very important people. So Willie bought himself a magician's cloak and hat, a magic wand and lots of books about magic. Then he put a notice outside his door: W. Wizz, Esq. Magic While You Wait. Enquire Within.



3. Almost at once, Willie had his first customer. It was Timothy Thomas, the moving man, who moved things about for people. "If only my puppy, Toby, were as big as a horse," said Timothy, "he could pull my cart when I get tired."



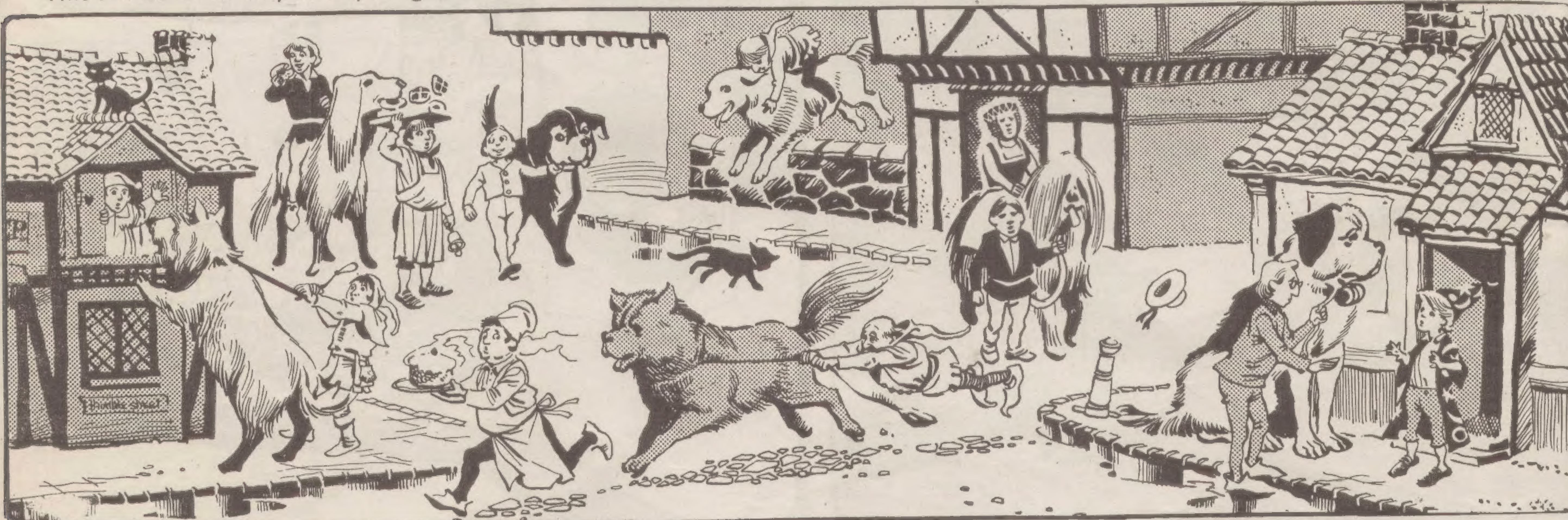
4. "I shall have to find a spell about puppies and horses in my books of magic," said Willie. So he took Timothy indoors and they had a look. "Ah, here it is!" cried Willie, at last. "This should be as easy as anything!"



5. Willie waved his magic wand. "Mumbo-jumbo, hi-de-ho, little Toby, grow and grow," he said. "Apple dumplings, parsley sauce, grow as big as any horse!" "Why, I do believe it's working!" cried Timothy. And it was. Toby grew bigger and BIGGER...



6. Timothy was delighted. And once he had got used to it, so was Toby. Harnesses to his master's cart, he could pull the load along quite easily. "Ooh, thank you very much indeed, Willie," said Timothy. "I'll tell everybody about your magic."



7. But Timothy didn't need to tell everybody about Willie's magic. They found out for themselves soon enough. When Willie got up next morning, there was such a woof-woofing and bow-wow-ing going on outside. He hurried downstairs. He couldn't have been more surprised if it had been snowing soapflakes. The street seemed full of dogs, as big as horses!

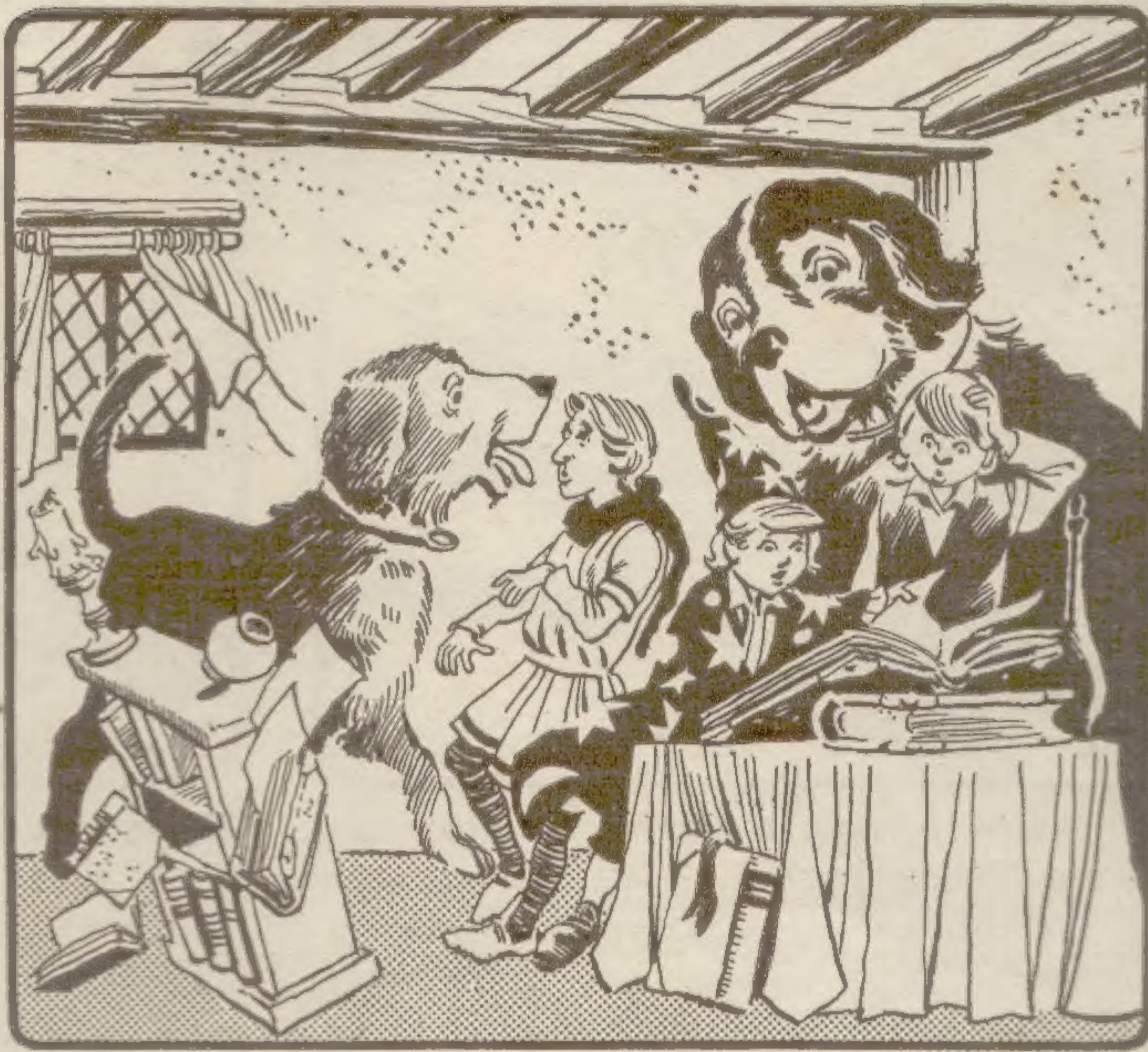
8. It's all very well for horses to be as big as horses. But dogs—well, they would jump up at people and chase people, and they barked so loudly you couldn't hear yourself shout. Besides, they couldn't fit into their kennels and they took such a lot of feeding. Everybody was so cross. "It's all Willie's fault!" they said. "HE must do something about it!"

# Willie Wizz

## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



1. Willie Wizz was in such trouble. He wanted so much to be a magician. But when he tried to make a little puppy as big as a horse to pull a cart about, all the dogs living in the Town became as big as horses.



2. Willie's magic had worked all right—but it had worked too well! Everybody was cross. Dogs as big as horses take up so much room and eat so much. Willie went to look in his Book of Magic to see what could be done. Two of the big dogs and their owners went with him.



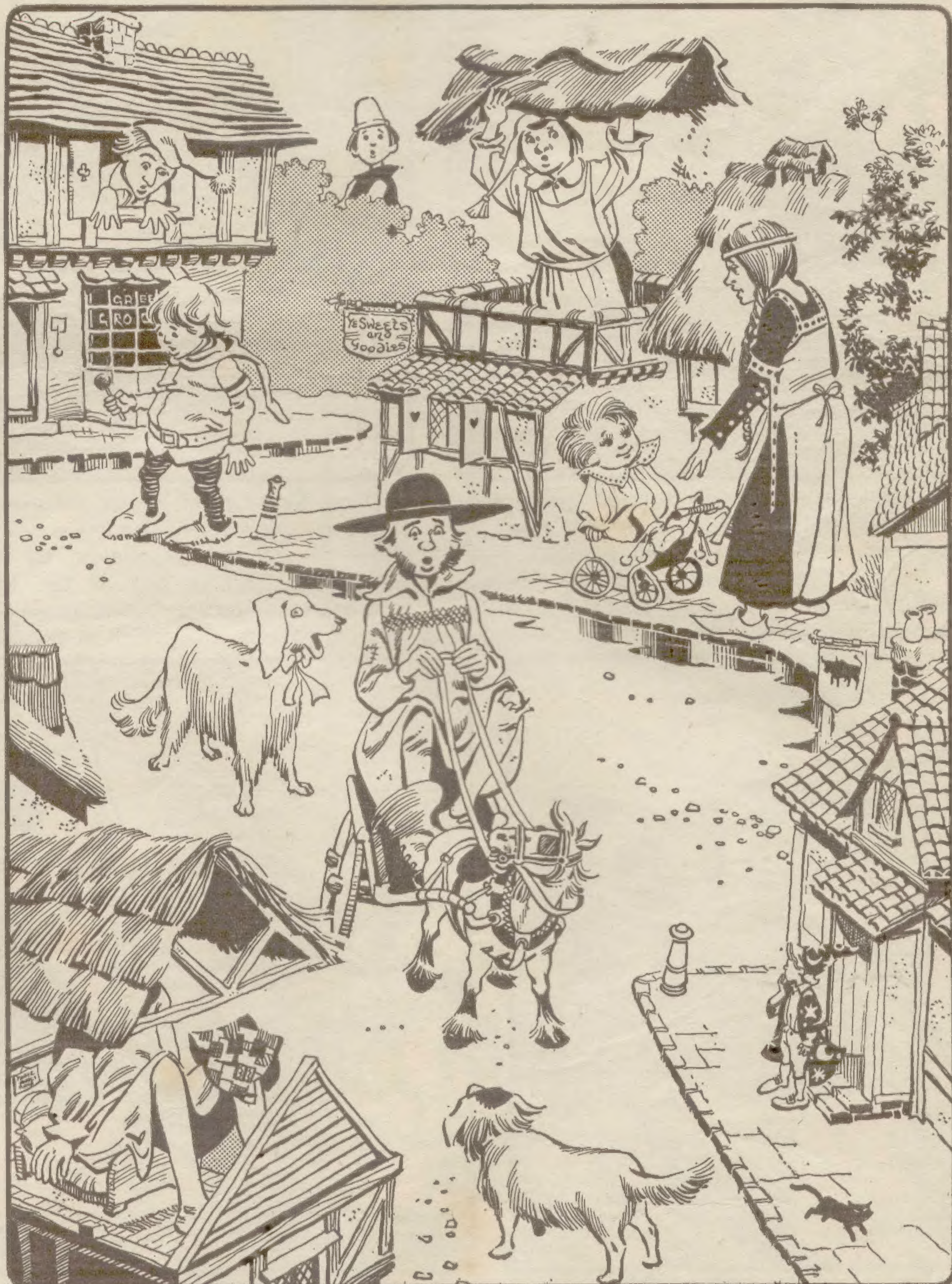
3. At last, Willie found the spell he was looking for. "This ought to do the trick," he said, jumping on the table. Then he waved his magic wand over the big dogs and said: "Watch this wand before your eyes—Dogs, be half a person's size!"



4. But nothing happened to the dogs. They stayed just as big as they were. Then Willie heard *bump, bump*, "Ouch!" and "Ooh!" behind him. His spell had worked—in a way. The dogs were now half as big as their masters. But only because their masters had suddenly grown much bigger. They were now giants fifteen feet high!



5. And growing so quickly like that had taken them by surprise. They had bumped their heads on the ceiling before they had time to duck. That made them crosser than ever. They had to crawl on hands and knees to get through doorways. "Hey, Willie, make us small again!" they called. But Willie was worrying about something else.



6. He rushed to his front door and had a look outside. "Oh, dear!" he said. "That was just what I was afraid of. My magic has worked too well again." Everybody in Town had grown into a giant. They were popping up through the roofs everywhere. Even the babies were so big, they wouldn't fit into their prams. "I bet this is your doing, Willie," said Mr. Sweet, the toffee-shop man. "What are you going to do about it."

# Willie Wizz

## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



1. Willie Wizz's magic seemed to get him into more and more trouble. First, he had made all the dogs in Tumbletown as big as horses. And when he tried to make them small again, he made all the people giants.

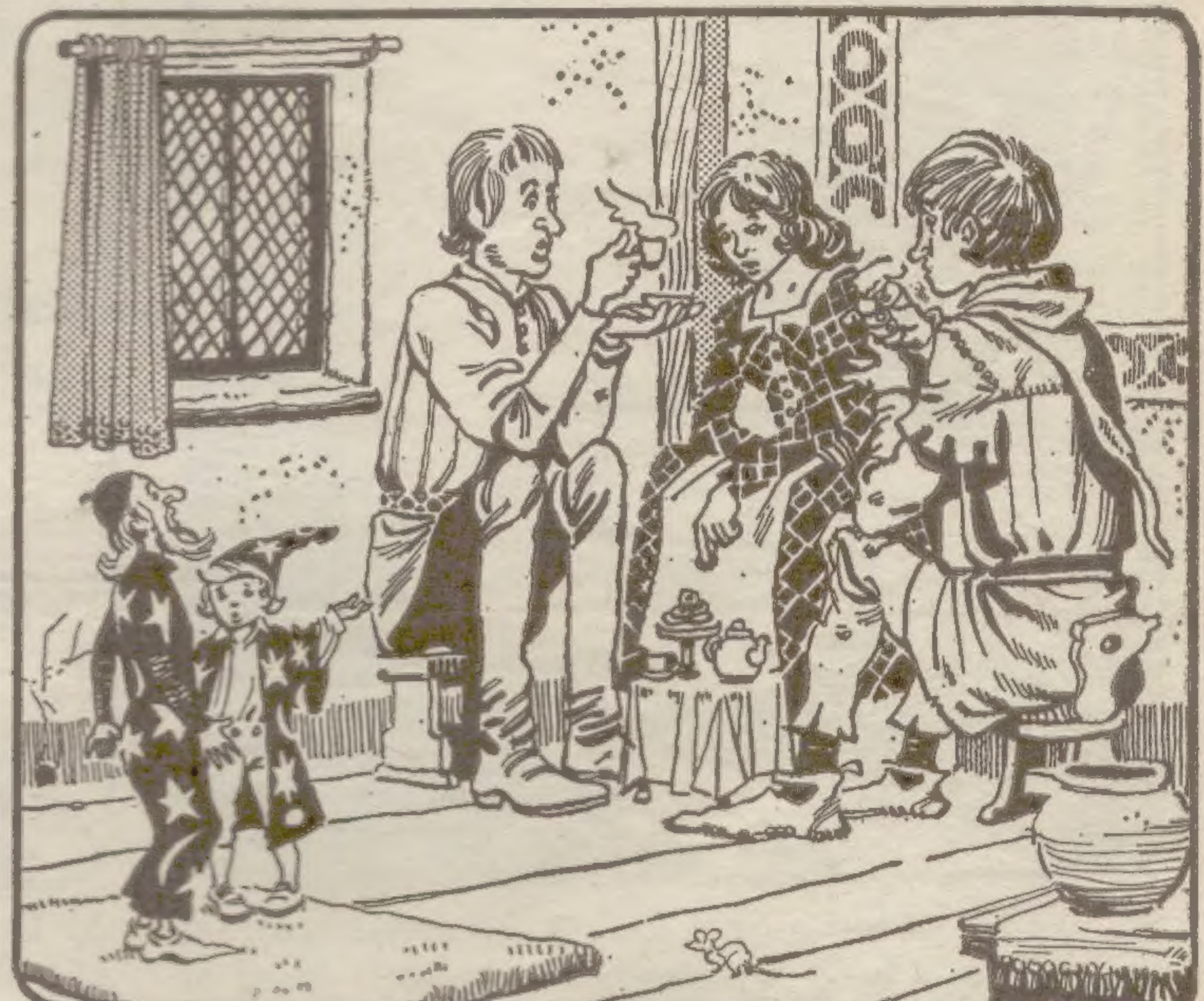
2. When they had got over their first surprise, they were very cross indeed. It was not much fun for Willie having a lot of giants cross with him. "How can we live in ordinary houses now that we are giants?" the people wanted to know. Willie had a look in his Book of Magic. "Ah—this is just the spell I want," he cried. And waving his wand at one of the houses, he said: "Roof and walls and windows grow—and be as big as ever so!" And the house got bigger and bigger and BIGGER... In fact, it grew so big, it knocked all the other houses down.



3. When Willie's Uncle Maz, the Mighty Magician, came to pay his nephew a visit, he found Tumbletown all tumbledown. Only one house was still standing up. "Well, it's easy to find Willie's house when there's only one to choose from!" he thought.



4. Willie heaved at the great door to answer his uncle's knock. "I'm so glad to see you, Uncle Maz," he said. "What is wrong?" asked Uncle Maz. "Come in and I'll show you," said Willie.



5. He took Uncle Maz into a room where some of the giants were having tea. But they were sitting on what to them were tiny chairs, eating tiny cakes and drinking from tiny cups. "I made them like that. My magic seems to work too well or not well enough—I'm not quite sure which!" sighed Willie.



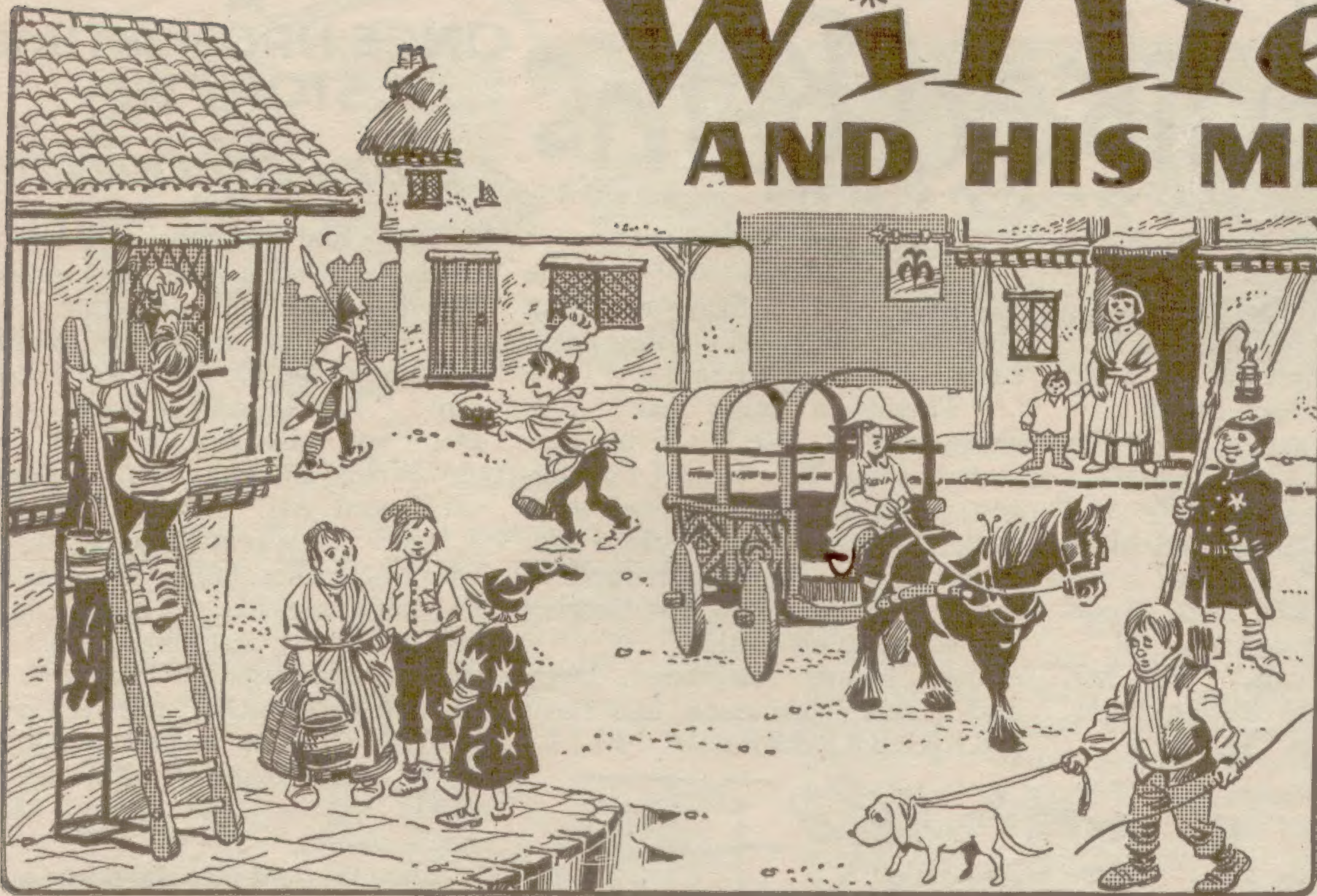
6. "You haven't learned the one thing that all magicians ought to know," said Uncle Maz. And he whispered to Willie a great secret: "At sunset, if you say all your spells backwards, everything will be as it was before."



7. It worked, too. At sunset, Willie said all his spells backwards. At once, the dogs grew smaller and the people grew smaller and the great house grew smaller. And all the tumbledown houses popped up again as good as new. And Uncle Maz made a magic steam cart for Timothy Thomas. Timothy, you remember, had wanted his puppy as big as a horse to pull his handcart—and that had started all the trouble. But everything was as right as rain again and no one any the worse for it. Willie was pleased.

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## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



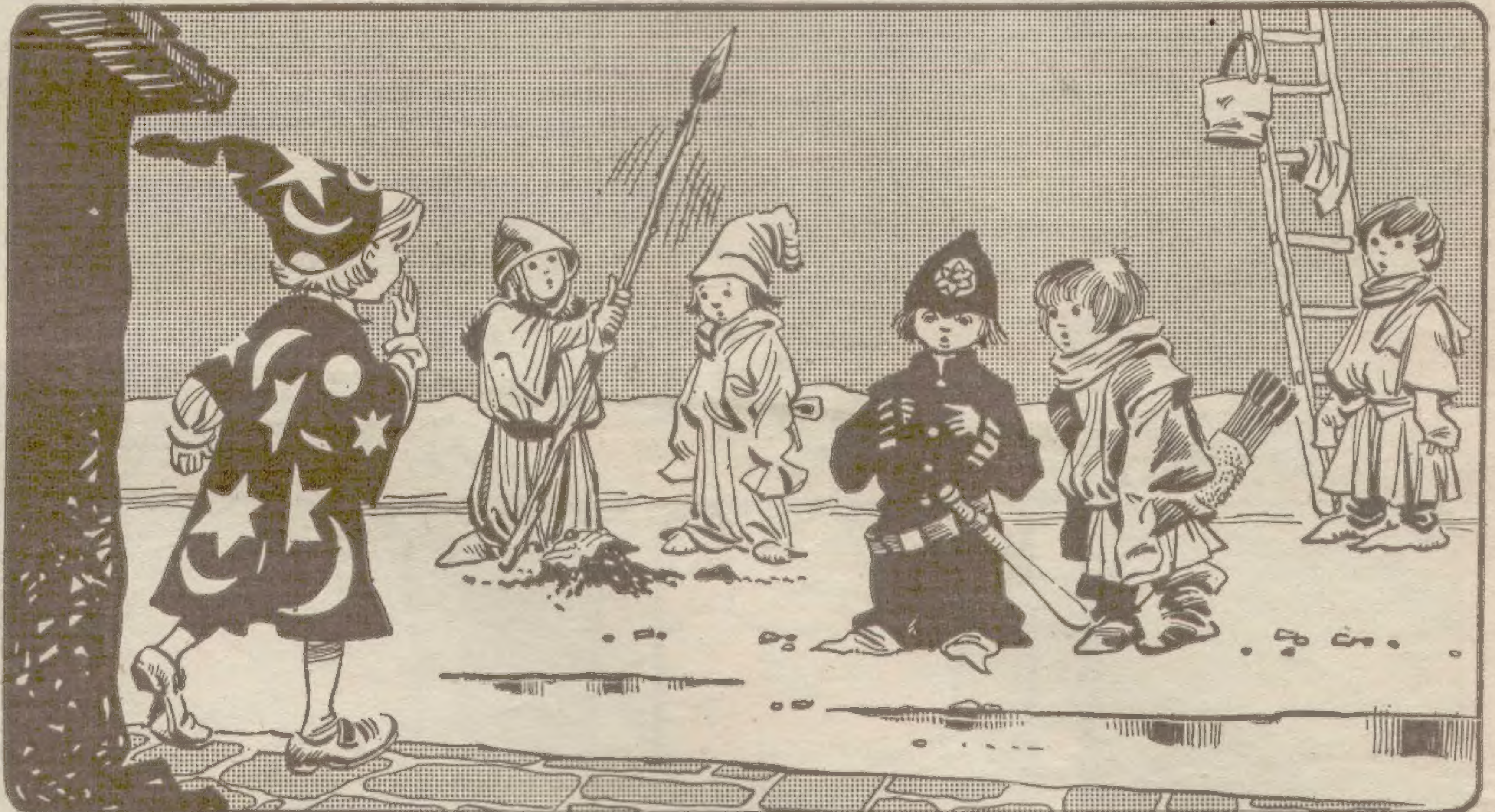
1. Thursday was a busy day in Tumbletown. You see, it was early closing day and everybody had to get their work finished in the morning. It was about midday one Thursday, when Willie Wizz, the boy magician, met Mrs. Goodbody and her son Gordon. "Good morning, Mrs. Goodbody," said Willie. "And how are you this morning?" "I'm very well, thank you, Willie," said Mrs. Goodbody. "But I'm worried about Gordon. He grows out of his clothes so fast and he eats so much."



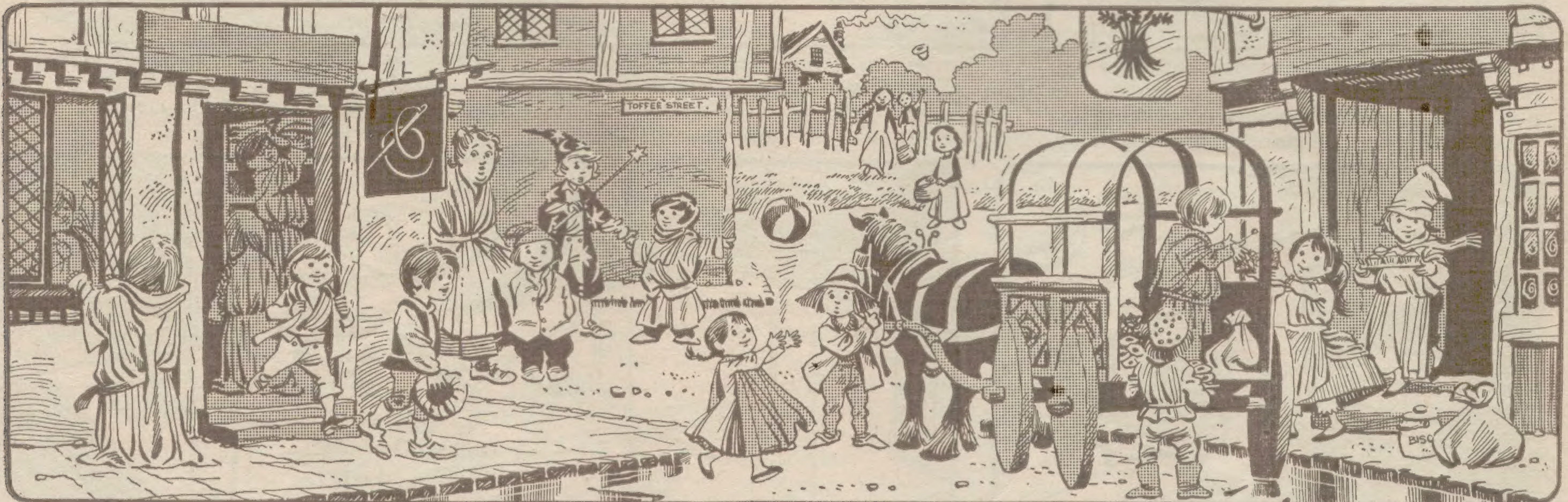
2. "It was so much easier when Gordon was just a toddler," went on Mrs. Goodbody. "Perhaps I can help you," said Willie. And he took them home with him to have a look in his Book of Magic. "Ah, here's the spell I want!" said Willie, waving his wand.



3. "Teddy Bear and tiny toy—Gordon be a little boy!" sang Willie. Almost at once, Gordon seemed to shrink. Soon, he was just a wee chap, and his clothes were too big for him. "Ah, the little dear!" cried Mrs. Goodbody, with delight. "That's just as I remember him ten years ago, the little pet!"



4. Mrs. Goodbody was very pleased. Now she could dress Gordon in some of the clothes he had grown out of. And such a little fellow would hardly be likely to eat so much. But the trouble with Willie's magic is that it sometimes works too well. When he went outside, he saw that everybody had become a tiny toddler. Mr. Sam, the soldier, Mr. Bunn, the baker, Mr. Plop, the policeman, Mr. Catch, the hunter, and Mr. Wipe, the window cleaner, were all small.



5. But when they had recovered from their first surprise, they were all just as pleased as Mrs. Goodbody. You see, they remembered what fun it was when they were small children before. "Let's go on a picnic!" said somebody. "Hooray!" cheered everybody else. "Yes, let's!" And a moment later, they were rushing about all over the place getting themselves ready for the picnic.

6. The tailor toddler gave everybody little clothes, because their grown-up clothes got in the way. And the baker toddler brought out cakes and buns and tarts and pies, which were loaded into a cart. Everybody was so excited. When they had been grown-ups, they had never thought of having a picnic on early closing day before. Now they were all looking forward to having a wonderful time.



7. Of course, Willie and Mrs. Goodbody went along on the picnic, too. They were the only people in Tumbletown who hadn't been turned into toddlers. And, as Mrs. Goodbody said, *somebody* had to look after the children and see they didn't get lost. What a job it was keeping them all in order! Children can get up to all sorts of tricks when there are so many of them and so few grown-ups.

8. Off they went in a long line, laughing and shouting, with their cart loaded with all sorts of picnic goodies. They meant to have plenty to eat! "Thank you for turning us into children, Uncle Willie," said old Mrs. Potter, who was now just a little girl, of course "I can dance and sing like anything now. I haven't done that sort of thing for years and years. It's fun to be young again."



9. That's what everybody thought. But the picnic wasn't so much fun for Willie and Mrs. Goodbody. They had to stop the children eating too much food or playing tricks. They had to stop them climbing trees and getting their clothes dirty. "Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Goodbody who was getting tired. "I had forgotten how difficult it is to keep an eye on little children. I wish Gordon was older again."



10. Now, Willie knew that he had only to wait until sunset. Then he could say the magic spell backwards and everybody would be back to normal. "Let's play games!" he said. And he soon had some of the children dancing ring-a-ring-o'-roses. All the time, the sun was sinking lower and lower in the sky. There wasn't long to wait now for sunset.



11. And at last, the sun *did* set. Willie whispered the spell backwards. And all at once, everybody was grown-up again. They did feel a bit silly to find themselves grown-up and playing ring-a-ring-o'-roses. But all good things have to come to an end sometime. And everybody agreed that, though the picnic had been great fun, they were really quite glad to be their old selves again.



12. They went back to Tumbletown and changed into their grown-up clothes. Then they made Willie promise that, every early closing day, he would change them into children again. As for Mrs. Goodbody, she said: "I'm glad Gordon is big again. He's more of a help about the house than he was as a toddler." So everyone went back home again, tired and happy and looking forward to next Thursday's fun.

Next week you will see what happens when Willie's magic gets to work on washing day

# Willie Wizz

## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



1. BRRRR! It was cold in Tumbletown. The snow had been snowing, and the wind was still blowing. It was one of those winds that seems to go right through you and makes you shiver inside, too. Everybody was muffled up in cloaks and scarves and winter woollies. But none of it seemed to do any good. Willie Wizz was on his way home, looking forward to a nice warm fire.



2. But on the way, he passed Mrs. Scrubb, the washerwoman. She was having a terrible time with the cold weather too. "I'm trying to hang all the washing to dry," she explained. "But it's frozen stiff. Look at it! It can stand up by itself. How will I ever get it ironed in time to deliver to all my customers?" "Leave it to me," said Willie. "My magic can help you."



3. You see, Willie had learned all about magic from a lot of books he had bought. The trouble was, his spells often worked a bit too well. But Mrs. Scrubb was willing to try anything. So Willie waved his magic wand and said: "Frozen washing, hanging high—make yourselves as dry as dry!" Then he and Mrs. Scrubb waited to see what would happen.



4. And the most astonishing thing *did* happen. Suddenly, all the clothes jumped down from the line. They had come to life! Mr. Scrubb had been burning some rubbish nearby. And all the clothes started to dance round the fire to dry themselves. "Well, fancy that!" cried Mrs. Scrubb. "I've never seen anything like it in my life!" "Well, at least the washing will soon be dry!" Willie pointed out.



5. And that was true enough. Sooner than you can say "Willie Wizz" the washing was dry. But it seemed to like coming to life and dancing about the place. Before Willie or Mrs. Scrubb could stop any of it, it was dancing down the main street of Tumbletown. You can imagine what a surprise that was to everybody. They had never seen their clothes dancing about with nobody in them before.

6. Mr. Miller was chased along the street by his own trousers. And Mr. Bunn, the baker, was knocked over in the snow by his shirt. And all the time, Willie and Mrs. Scrubb were chasing after the clothes. "Stop! Come back here!" they cried. But the clothes took no notice—and Willie just couldn't think of the right spell to put everything right again. It was all very upsetting.

*There is a lot of fun for you every week, when little Willie makes his Magic!*



7. Soon, everybody in Tumbletown was getting the shock of his life. You see, the clothes were going home by themselves. Mr. Potter was most surprised when he answered a knock on his door and saw what was there. "Whatever's happened?" he gasped.



8. His socks and trousers, his shirt and gloves rushed indoors without a word. And before he could say "Willie Wizz," they were pulling off his other clothes and putting themselves on him. He *did* feel funny.



9. And that wasn't all. The clothes seemed to enjoy dancing, and they wanted Mr. Potter to join them. They danced him down the hall and out through his front door into the street. He couldn't stop himself—or, at least, he couldn't stop the clothes, now he was wearing them.



10. And when he got out into the street, he found a lot of other people dressed in *their* dancing clothes. Everybody was dancing. And those who had two suits were dancing with the spare one. "Whatever can we do, Willie?" asked Mrs. Scrubb. "Don't worry," said Willie. "They seem to be enjoying themselves."



11. And that was true enough. Anyway, Willie knew that he could put everything back to normal at sunset by saying the spell backwards. So that is what he did. By *that* time, everybody had been dancing so much, they were all as warm as toast. The cold weather didn't worry them at all. "Thank you very much, Willie," they said, as they went home. "That was fun. You must make our clothes dance with us again some time."

**You'll have to laugh at Willie Wizz and the self-raising flour next Thursday**

# Willie Wizz

## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



1. One day, Willie Wizz, the boy magician, was out for a stroll. His way led him past the old windmill. And there was Mr. Miller, busy loading sacks of flour on to his cart to take them to Mr. Baker. Those sacks were very heavy. "Oh, my poor old aching back!" sighed Mr. Miller. "I'm not as young as I used to be and this job seems to get harder and harder." "Perhaps I can help you, Mr. Miller," said Willie, thoughtfully.



2. He thought and he thought—and then he remembered a magic spell for making things lighter. He waved his magic wand over the sacks of flour and said: "As the church clock chimes the hour, all become self-raising flour!" Sparks flew out of Willie's wand, and he and Mr. Miller waited and watched.



3. Ding-dong-dang-ding went the clock in the old church tower. And all at once, the sacks of flour started to float up to the air. Mr. Miller was flabbergasted and flummoxed. "I've never seen the like that in all my days!" he cried.



4. But when he had recovered from his surprise, he was very cross with Willie. "You may have made the flour lighter," he said. "But I still have to get it to Mr. Baker, and I can't reach it way up there!"



5. Willie thought about that for a long time. Then he waved his wand again and said: "Magic wand, I beg of you: make the miller lighter, too!" At once, Mr. Miller started to float up into the air to join his sacks of flour. He did feel funny!

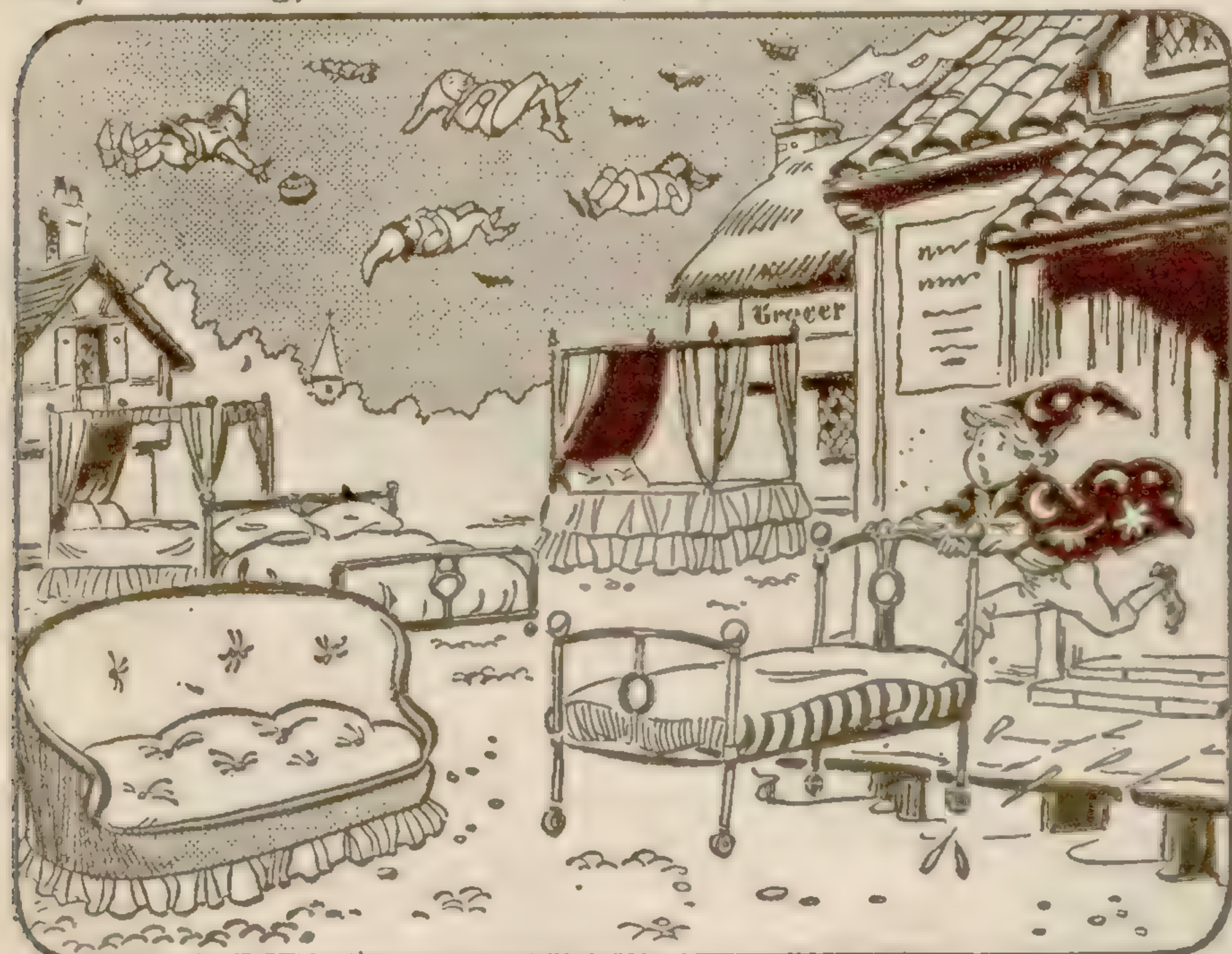
Why is Willie Wizz like the sun this week? Answer: Because he makes things lighter



6. But after a bit, he got used to floating about in the air. He found that, by kicking his legs and wagging his arms, he could move whichever way he wanted to go. He gathered all his sacks of floating flour into one big pile and pushed them along to the baker's. Mr. Baker was as surprised as anyone could be.



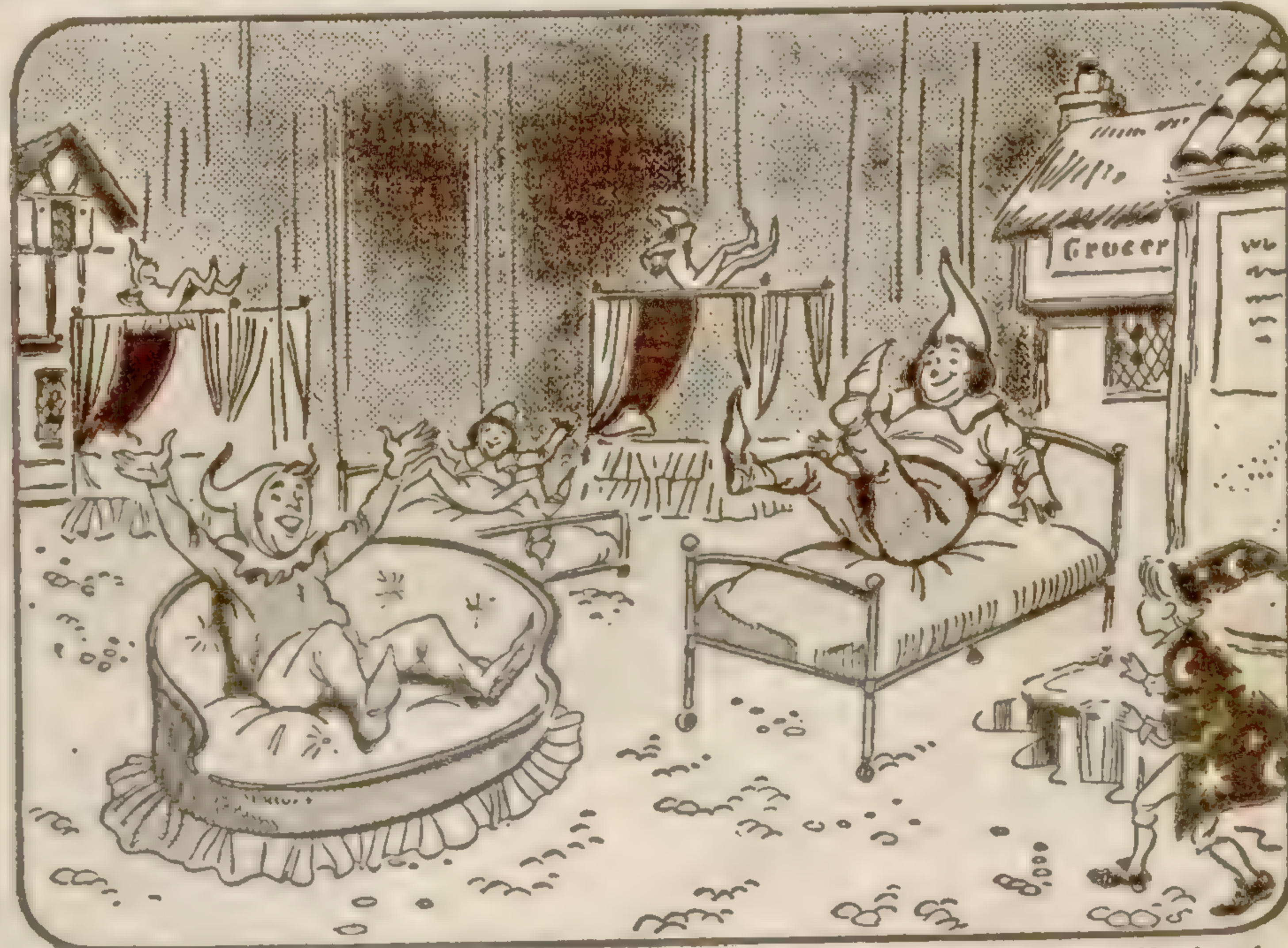
7. His flour had never come by air before. But he was very pleased to get it and he spent the rest of the morning baking. But that afternoon he was round at Willie's house, looking very cross. "I baked lots of cakes with that floating flour," he said. "And now look at them—they're floating, too! What are you going to do about it?"



9. But the people were enjoying themselves so much, they just wouldn't come down. It was so restful, lying up there in the sky with their tummies full of floating cake. So poor Willie had to rush into the houses and rush out again, pushing beds and sofas and anything that was soft for the people to fall on. And, all the time, the sun sank lower and lower in the sky.



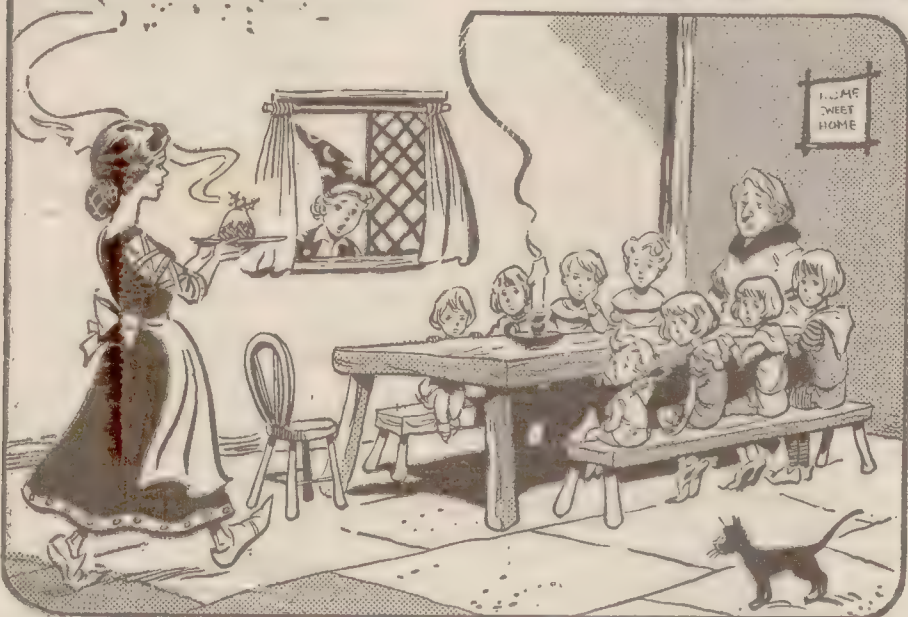
8. Of course, there was only one thing Willie could do about it. He made his magic make all the folk of Tumbletown into floaters, too. They just hovered about, picking the cakes out of the air. It was great fun. They had never had tea in the air before. But Willie knew that, at sunset, he would have to put everything back to normal again. "Come down!" he called to all the people. "It's nearly sunset—you'll fall!"



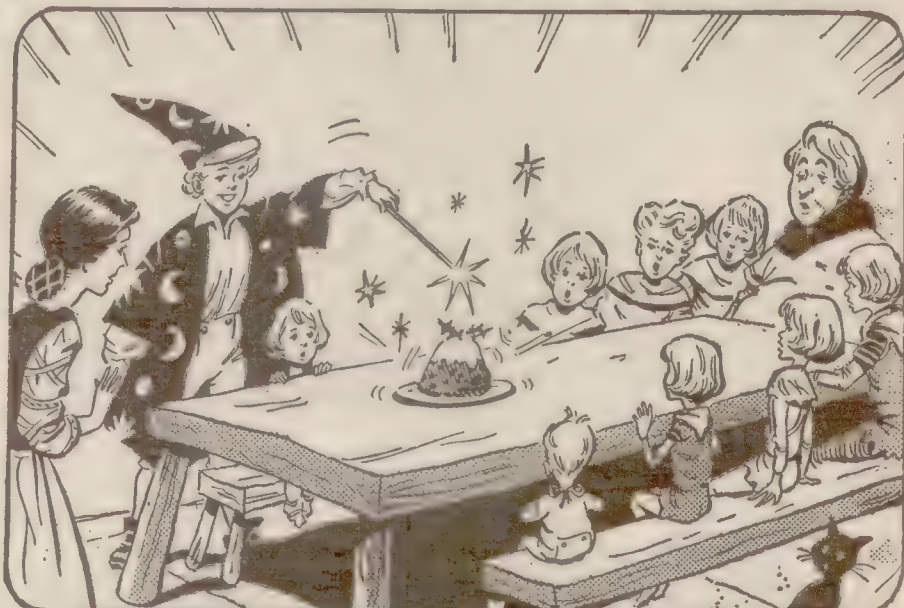
10. At last, it had set altogether, and Willie said all his spells backwards. *Bump, bump, bump!* Down came all the people, on to the beds and the sofas. They were glad to be down again, too. After all, they couldn't go on floating about for ever. "Thank you, Willie!" they said. "That was the jolliest tea party we've ever had. We must do it again some time!"

# Willie Wizz

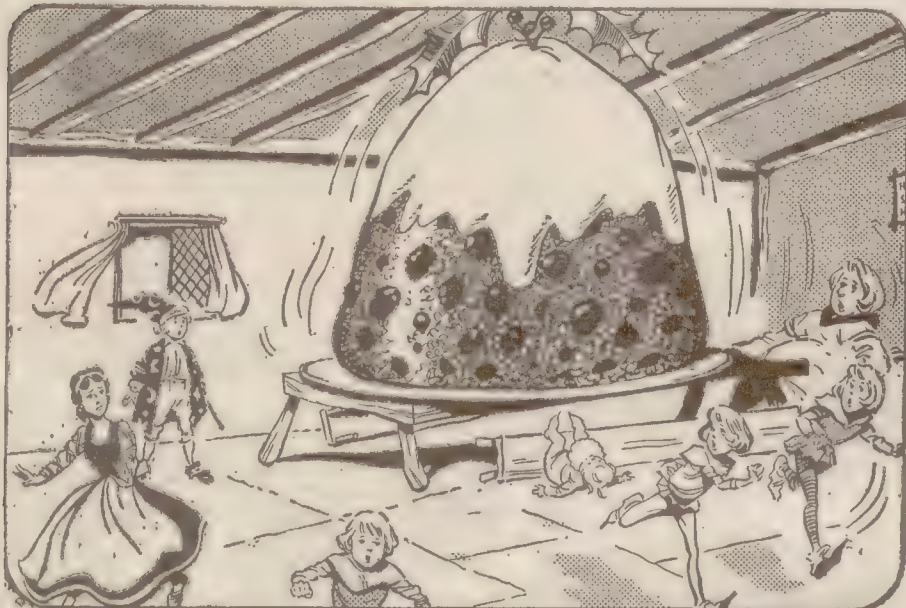
## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



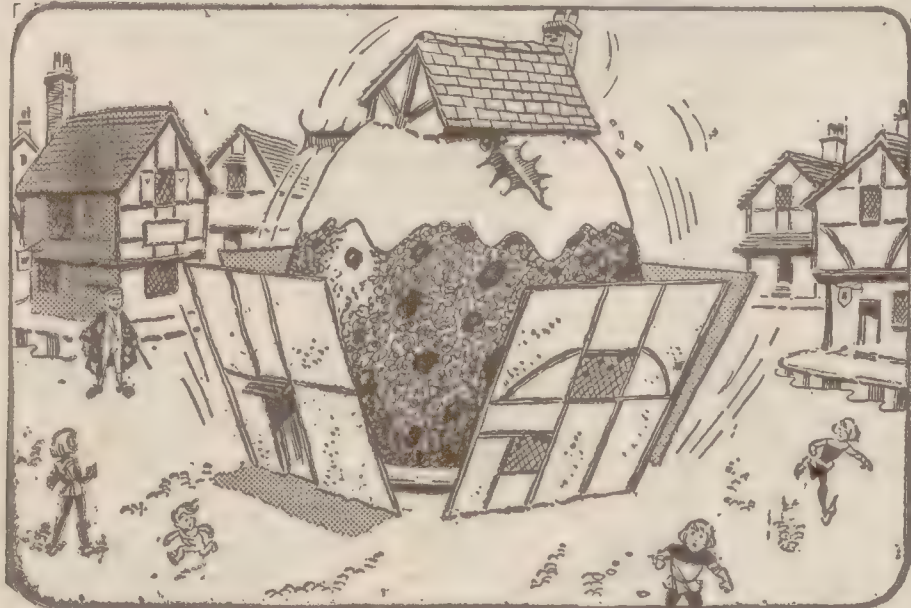
1. There was great excitement in Tumbletown. It was Christmas Day and everybody was looking forward to Christmas dinner. Everybody except the Popple family, that is. You see, the Popples were very poor, and they could afford only the tiniest Christmas pudding. When Willie Wizz looked in at the window, he could see there wouldn't be enough to go round. "Can I help?" he asked.



2. You see, Willie Wizz is a magician. He can do all sorts of things with his magic—though he has to admit, at times, that his magic *can* go wrong. "But making puddings bigger is easy," he said. "And I just happen to have my magic wand with me." So he waved his magic wand over the pudding and said: "Christmas pudding, please expand—and be the biggest in the land!"



3. Almost at once, the Christmas pudding grew and grew and GREW. Soon, there was no room for anything else on the table. And still it went on growing. "Oh dear!" said Mrs. Popple. "There won't be any room in the room for us!" The pudding was chasing the children out of the door and knocking Mr. Popple off his chair. "Stop it, someone!" he cried. But Willie didn't know how!



4. His magic had worked too well again, and Willie could stop his magic working only at sunset. "Will the pudding never stop growing?" he wondered. It certainly didn't look like it. The pudding lifted the roof right off the Popples' house and knocked down all the walls as well. The Popples were not at all pleased about it. That was the only house they had!



5. The pudding stopped growing at last. And what a huge pudding it was! There was more than enough to go round between Mr. and Mrs. Popple and all the little Popples. There was enough to go round all the people in Tumbletown. And they were delighted when Mrs. Popple invited them all to share her pudding. They took it away in buckets and barrows and cartloads.

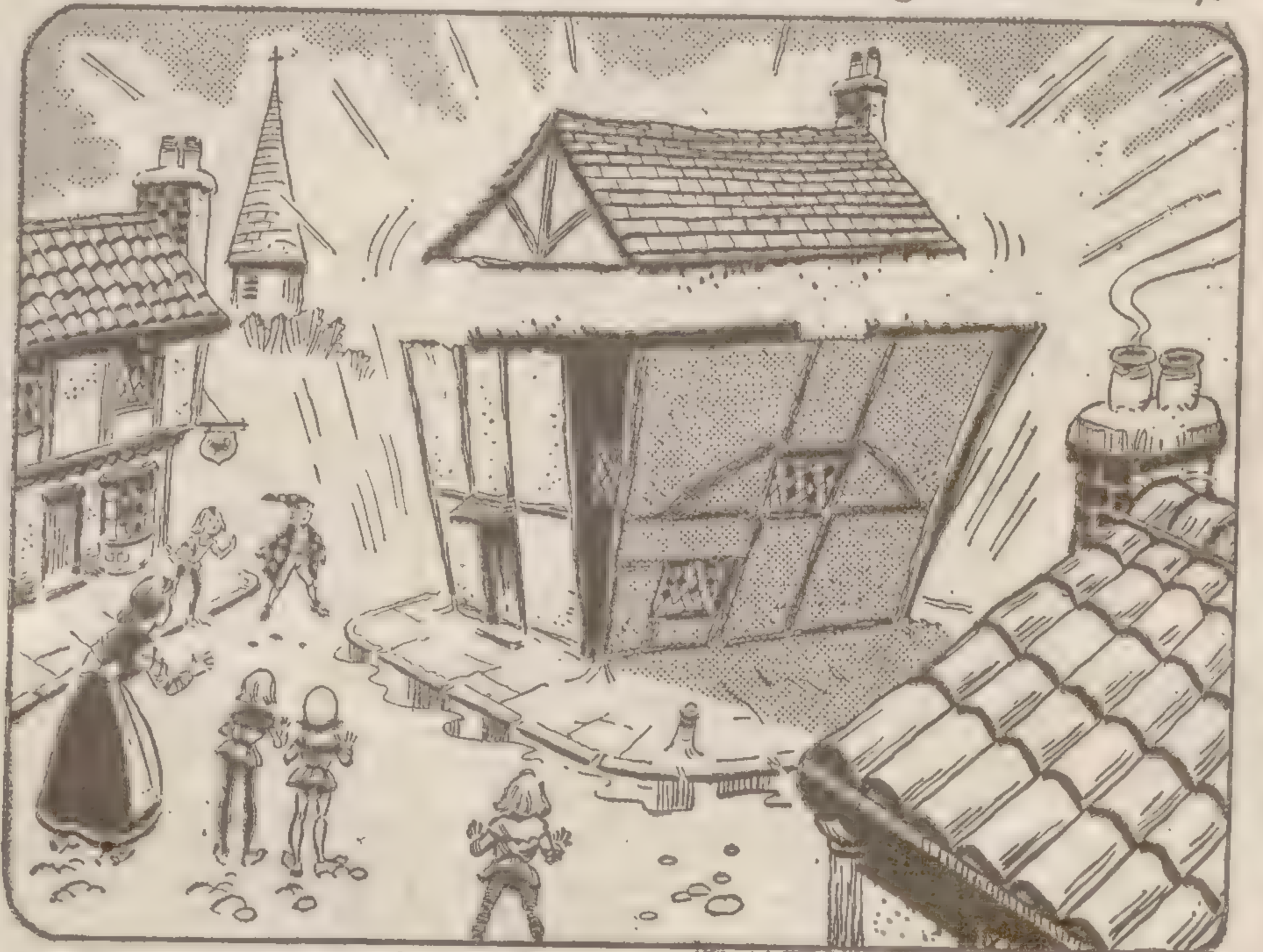


6. Then somebody had a good idea. "Let's have a Pudding Party!" he said. So they brought out a table on trestles and put benches round it. Then they took turns to eat pudding as fast as they could. You see, they knew that Willie's magic pudding would disappear at sunset when Willie said the spell backwards—and they wanted to eat as much as possible by then.

7. Even so, there was so much pudding, a lot of people had to give up before it was finished. They tottered home with their tummies full of Mrs. Popple's pudding. But the rest of them kept on eating. And Willie was kept busy wheeling along more pudding for them to eat. "I don't seem to have time to eat any pudding myself," he thought rather sadly.



8. At last, it was sunset and Willie said the spell backwards. At once, the last few crumbs of the pudding disappeared and every plate was clean. "Well, at least that saves anybody having to do the washing up," laughed Mr. Porker. "And I don't think I could have eaten any more pudding anyway!" "But what about our house, Willie?" Mr. Popple wanted to know.



9. They went to have a look at it. Saying the spell backwards was putting that right, too. They were just in time to see the walls come back together again and the roof floating down to its proper position. Mr. Popple was very pleased. All the time he had been eating pudding he had been worrying about his house. "Thank you, Willie!" he said. "Now we can go indoors."



10. And when they did go indoors, there on the table was the little Christmas pudding Mrs. Popple had cooked for the family. Everything was back to normal, and the people of Tumbletown had eaten only the magic part of the big pudding. "That means we've got all this left," said Willie. "Who wants some?" But none of the Popples wanted any. They'd had enough pudding for one Christmas.



11. "You take it, Willie," said Mrs. Popple. And Willie, who had been too busy serving everybody else to share in the magic pudding, was very glad to have the real one. He went off home with it, then and there. "Merry Christmas, Willie!" called all the Popples. "Merry Christmas!" Willie called back. And it certainly had been the merriest Christmas Tumbletown had ever known.

*Willie Wizz tries his magic on a cracker next week—you'll laugh to see what happens*

# Willie Wizz

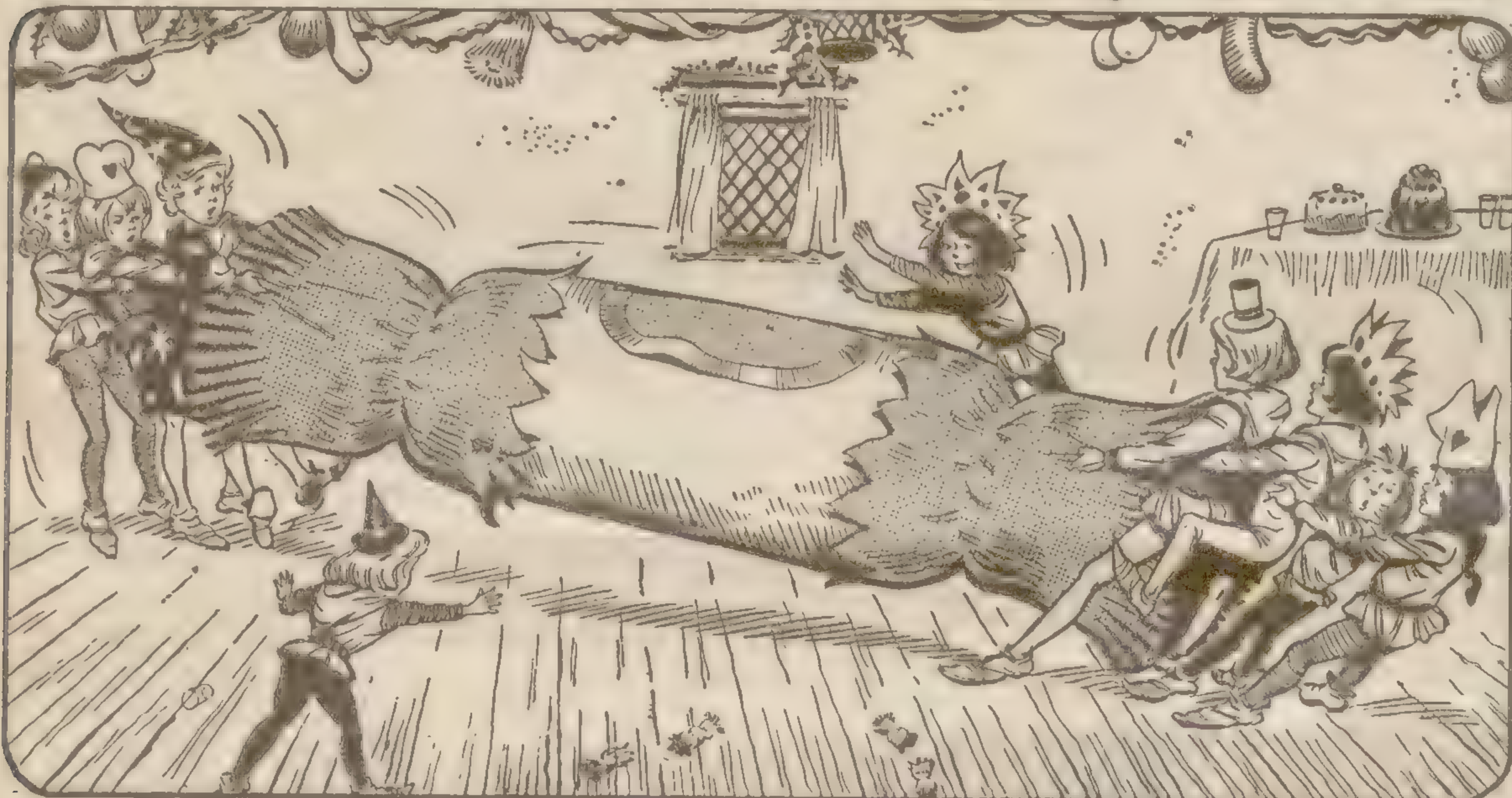
## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



1. It was the day of the Tumbletown children's party—and what fun everybody was having! There were jellies and trifle and cakes and fruit and jam sandwiches to eat. And they played Hunt the Thimble and Musical Chairs and Blind Man's Buff and lots of other exciting games. Willie Wizz was there, too, of course. He had the job of handing out the crackers. But there weren't enough to go round.



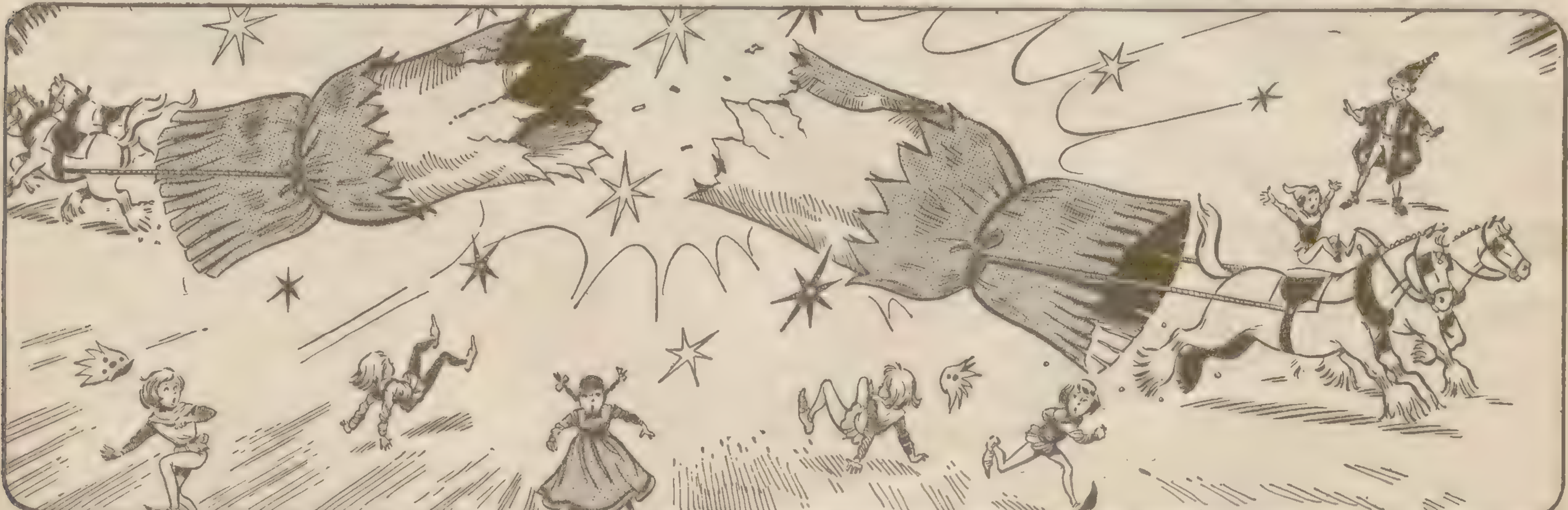
2. "Never mind," said Willie. "I'll make the last one the biggest Christmas cracker in all Tumbletown." You see, Willie is a magician and he can do things like that. He just waved his magic wand over the cracker and said: "Cracker, take us by surprise—grow before our very eyes." And the cracker did. It got bigger and bigger and BIGGER.



3. Soon it was as big as ever. "Ooh, what a lovely cracker!" the children shouted. And, of course, they all wanted to know what was inside it. "There must be wonderful presents in a cracker as big as that!" said little Tommy Trembletoe. So some of the children went to one end of the cracker and some of them went to the other end of the cracker. Then with a "Yo-heave-ho!" they pulled and they pulled and they pulled. But it was such a big cracker, they couldn't crack it.

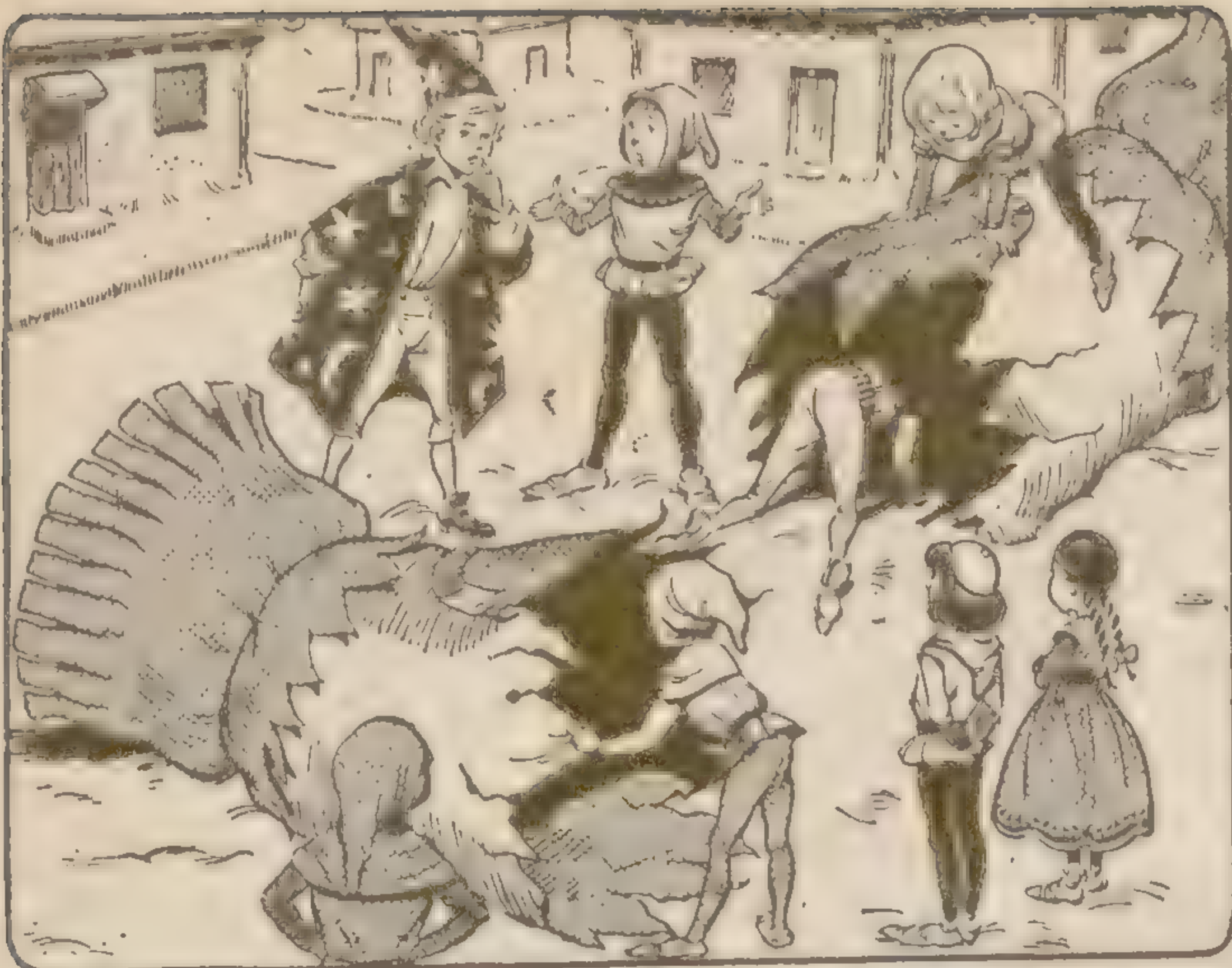


4. Then Willie had an idea. "What we need are some cart-horses," he said. "They're good at pulling." So they took the giant cracker outside and borrowed Mr. Carter's horses. Then they harnessed Dobbin and Sally to one end of the cracker, and Ned and Blossom to the other end.



5. When everything was ready, Willie called out: "Stand back, everybody! Here comes the big bang." Some of the children were so eager to see what was inside the cracker, they didn't stand back far enough. Dobbin and Sally took the strain at one end. Ned and Blossom took the strain at the other end. Then they heaved and tugged and pulled as hard as they could.

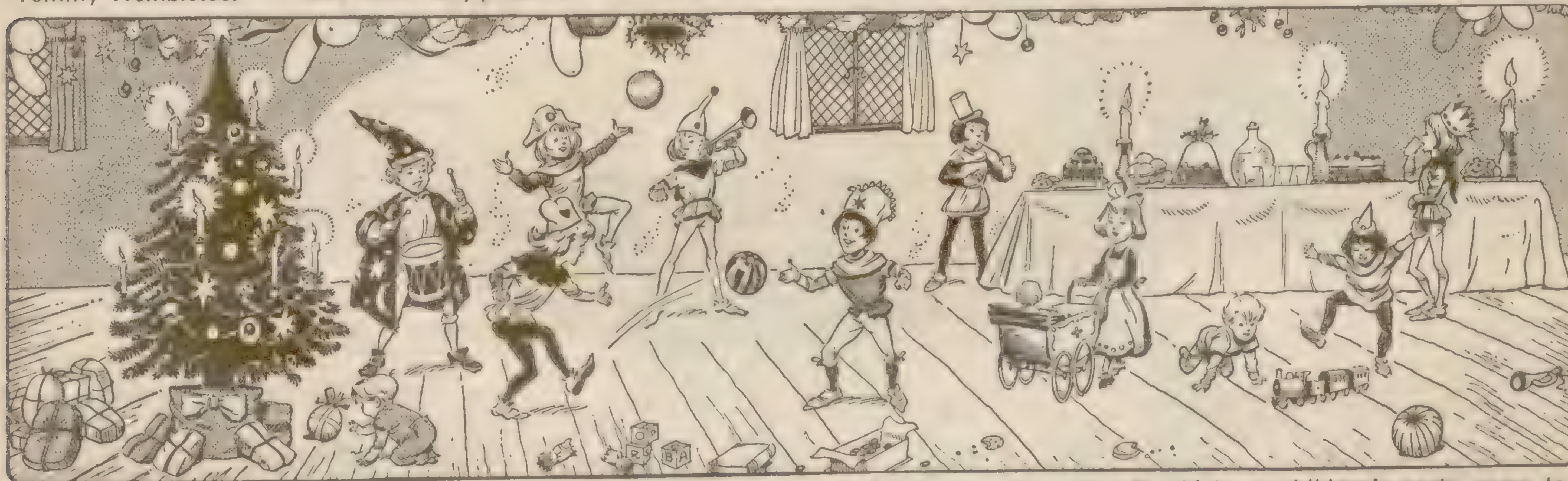
6. BANG! went the cracker. And what a bang it was! The children who had been standing too close were blown over backwards in the snow. Dobbin and Sally, and Ned and Blossom found themselves almost galloping to stop themselves falling on their noses with a bump. Willie had made not only the biggest cracker in all Tumbletown—he had made the noisiest one as well.



7. But when everybody's ears had stopped singing and they went to have a look at the two halves of cracker, they were disappointed. "It's empty!" said Tommy Trembletoe. "There *aren't* any presents."



8. But just as they were beginning to get cross with Willie and to tell him that his magic had gone wrong as usual, down from the sky came a shower of presents. The big bang of the cracker had blown them so high, it had taken them all that time to come down to earth again. And what wonderful presents they were.



9. All the toys were carried indoors. And Willie handed them out as fairly as he could so that there wouldn't be any squabbling. Nobody wanted to play games after that. They all wanted to play with their toys. Everyone said that Willie was very clever.

10. So that was how the Tumbletown children's party came to an end. Everybody had had a wonderful time, and they had the toys to remember it by. Before they went home, the children gathered round Willie to sing: "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

**Next week Willie's magic gets to work on a spade and fork. Do not miss the fun!**

# Willie Wizz

## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



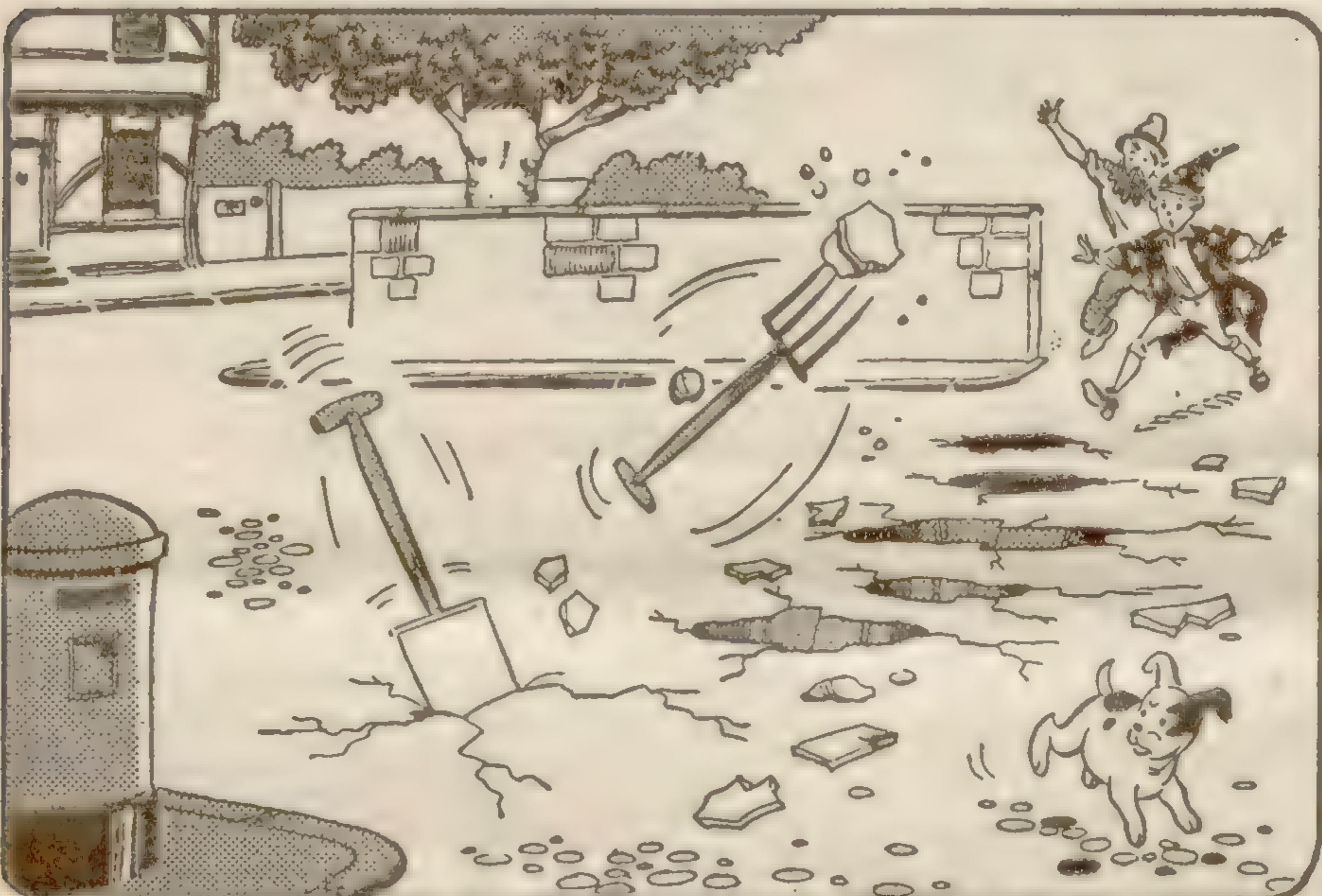
1. One day, Willie Wizz, the boy magician, was walking through Tumble-town when he met Mr. Prune, the gardener. "Oh, my aching back!" said Mr. Prune. "The ground is so hard I can hardly get a fork into it!"



2. "Let me help you," said Willie. "I happen to have my magic wand with me." So Willie waved his magic wand over Mr. Prune's spade and fork, and said: "Sandy soil or clay and chalk—do the digging, spade and fork." Mr. Prune watched closely.



3. Sure enough, the spade and fork suddenly leaped up into the air and started digging away like billy-o. They flung the soil in every direction. "There you are!" said Willie. "You will soon have the whole garden dug up and turned over. Watch!"



4. And Willie was right. His magic seemed to be working very well that afternoon. The spade and fork went on digging until the whole garden plot had been dug up. Mr. Prune was pleased. But the garden tools didn't stop there. They seemed to enjoy digging. Off they went into the road—and started digging up that, too! "Stop!" cried Willie. "You mustn't do that!"



5. But the spade and fork took no notice at all. And Willie couldn't think of a spell to make them stop. "Quick—catch them!" he called to Mr. Prune. But that didn't do any good, either. The spade and fork still went on digging, even with Willie and Mr. Prune hanging on to them. Then along came P.C. Plop. "Hey, you can't dig up the road!" he called. "It's against the law!"



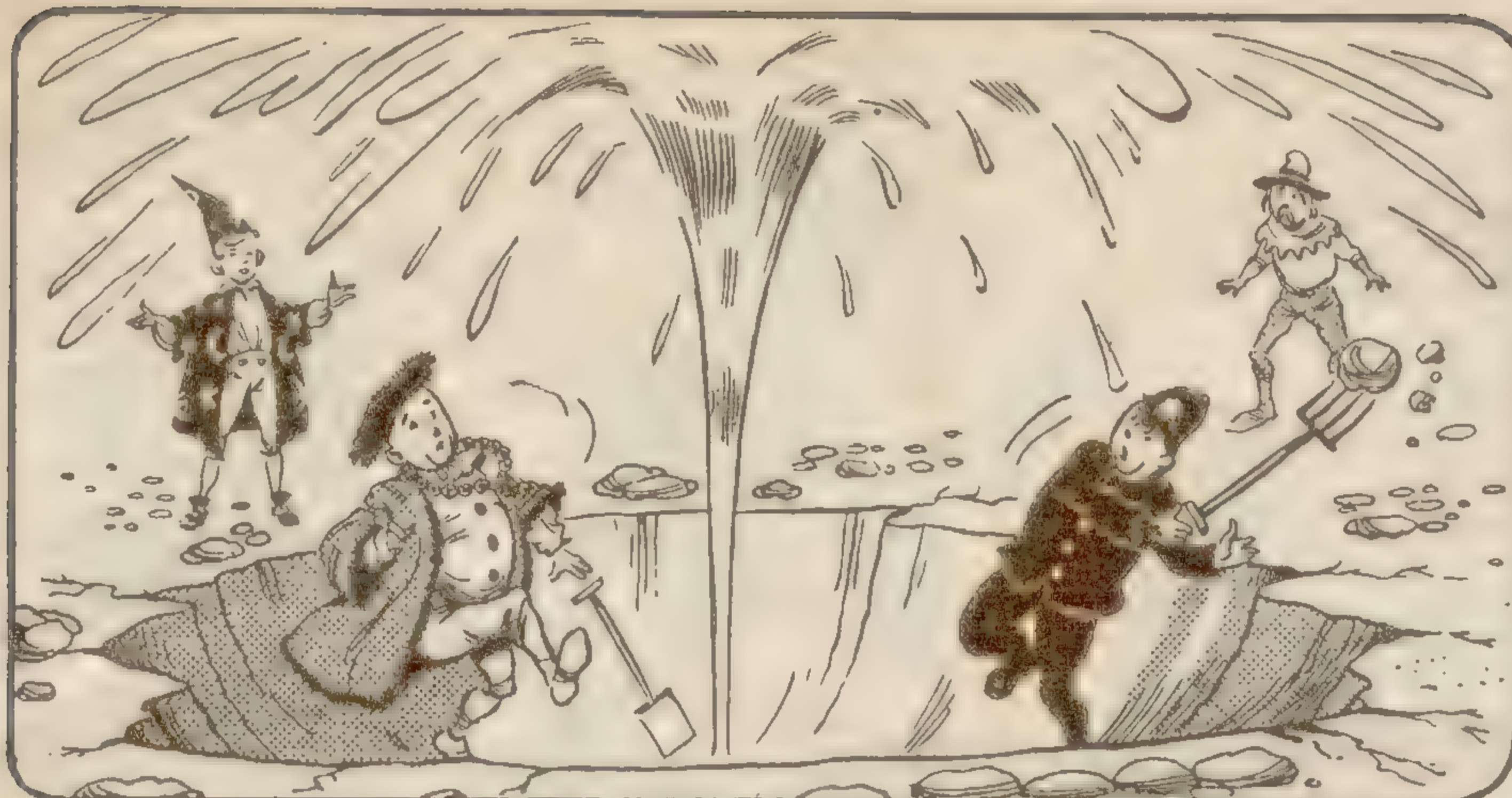
6. Of course, neither Mr. Prune nor Willie could stop digging. And when they seemed to take no notice of him, P.C. Plop was very cross. He went up to Willie and pulled his spade from him.



7. The next moment, he wished he hadn't! It didn't matter who was holding the spade, it just went on digging. P.C. Plop was lifted off his feet. "What's this, P.C. Plop?" asked a voice behind him. "Digging up the Market Square—how dare you?" It was Mr. Mumble, the Mayor of Tumble-town. He rushed up to P.C. Plop to take the spade away.



8. "Now take Mr. Prune's fork from him!" said the Mayor. "And help me to fill the hole in." Feeling very silly, P.C. Plop did as he was told. But all he and the Mayor managed to do was to make the hole bigger and bigger.



9. No matter how much they tried to put the soil back, they found themselves digging out more and throwing it away. "P.C. Plop!" panted the Mayor. "What have you done to this spade?" "Nun-nothing, your honour, sir!" gasped P.C. Plop, still digging. "It's like this fork—it seems it just won't stop!" And as they went on digging, they dug right down to a well.



10. Water spurted and splashed into the hole they had dug. By this time, it was nearly sunset. This was the time of the day when Willie Wizz could put things right by saying the spell backwards. He lost no time about it, either. At last, the spade and fork lay still on the ground. But there in the middle of the Market Square was a large pond, slowly getting bigger.



11. At first, nobody knew what to do about it. Then somebody said: "Ooh, look, what a lovely boating pond! Thank you, Mr. Mayor!" Of course, the Mayor didn't like to admit that he hadn't meant to put a pond there. People flocked to have a sail or a paddle. And that is how Tumbletown got its boating pond. The people were pleased with the Mayor—and the Mayor was pleased with Willie!

**Willie Wizz's Merry Magic will be at work again next Thursday**

# Willie Wizz

## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



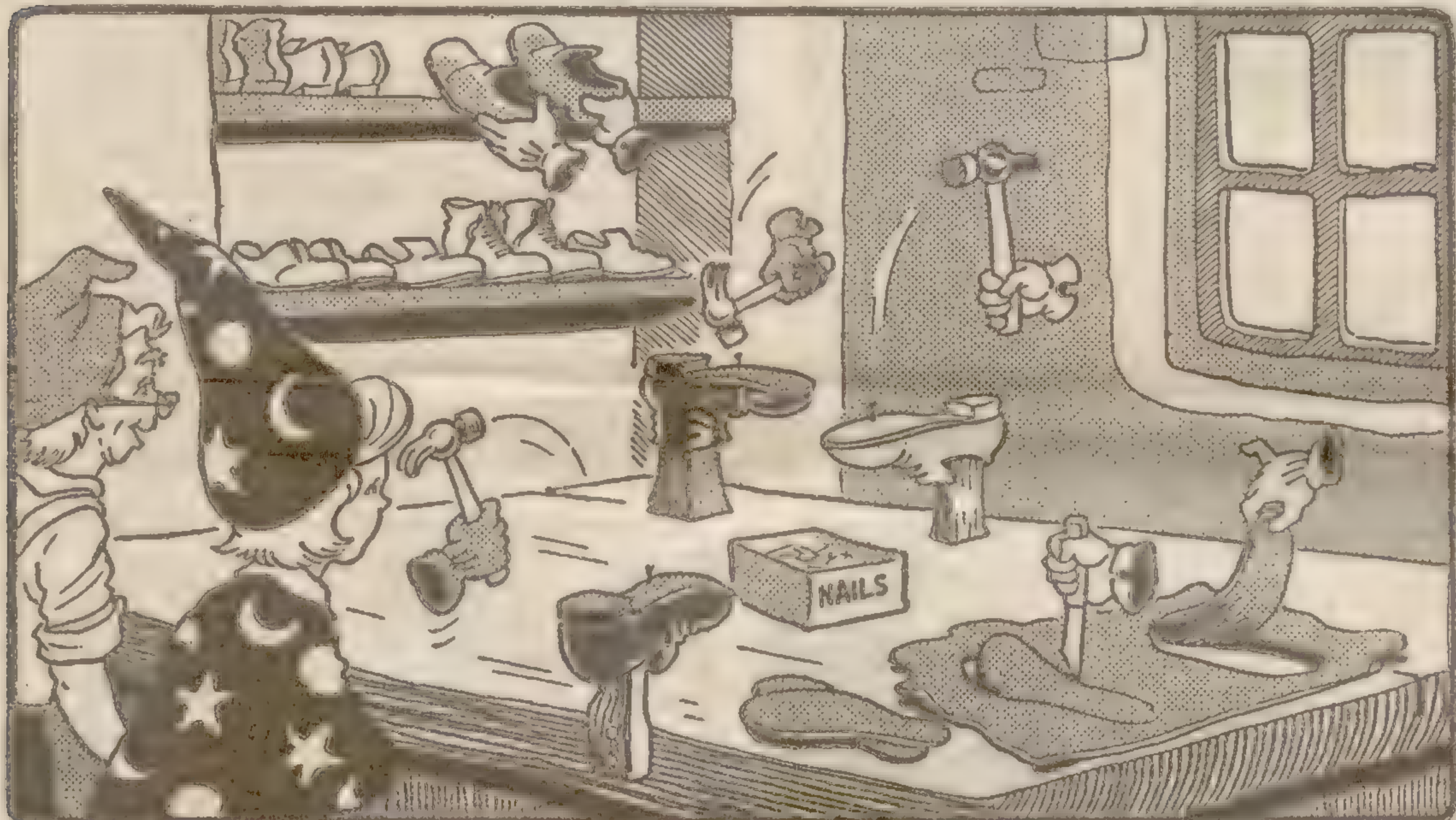
1. Willie Wizz had a pair of shoes that needed mending. So he took them along to Mr. Hob, the cobbler. But Mr. Hob was very busy. "I can't take any more work," he said. "I have shoes to mend and shoes to make that will take me weeks and weeks to do."



2. But Mr. Hob was the only cobbler in Tumbletown. "Perhaps I can help," said Willie—and he waved his magic wand over some gloves Mr. Hob had made. And as he waved he said a spell.



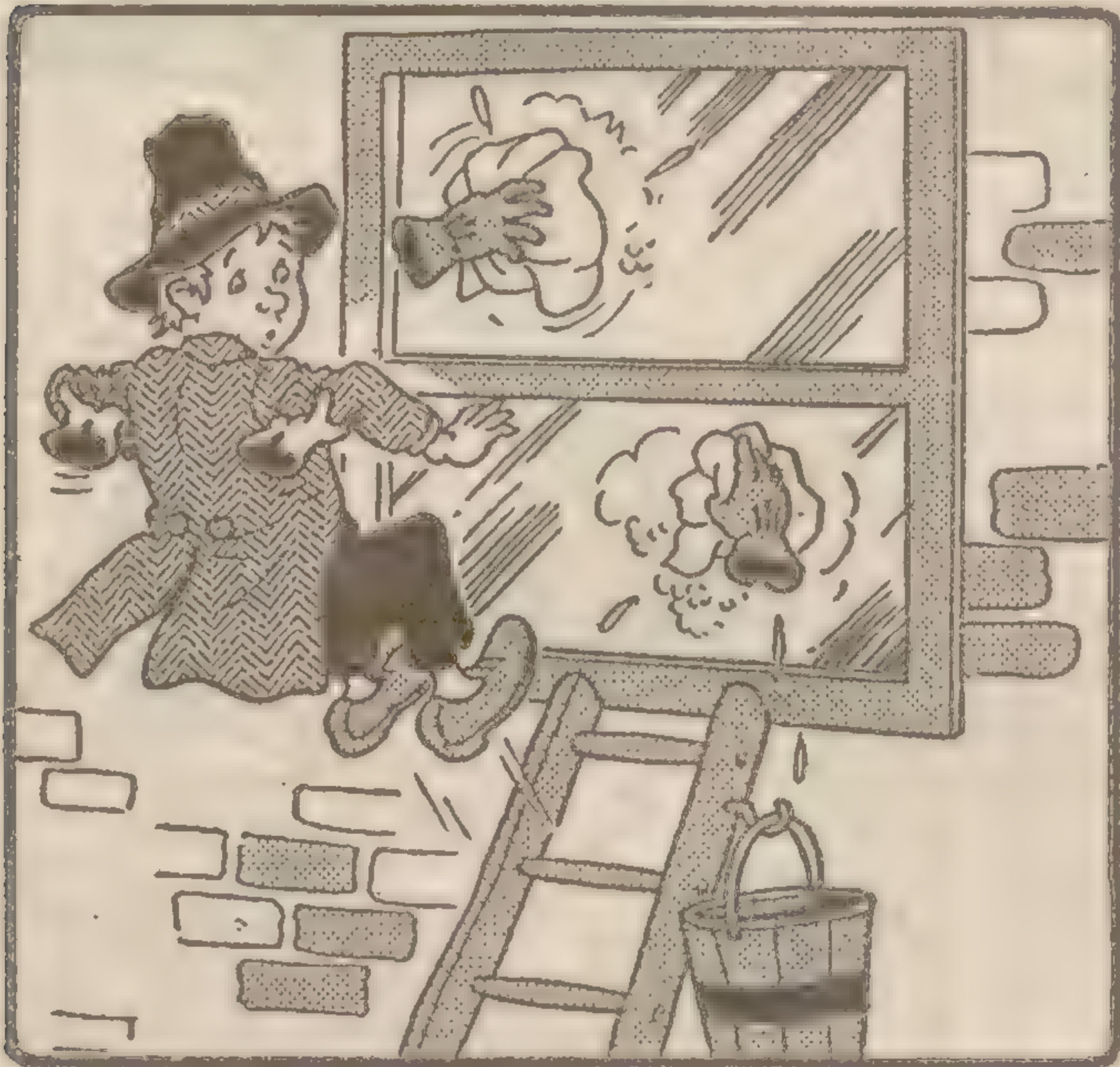
3. "Gloves, there's lots of work to do. Get going, every one of you!" chanted Willie. Willie's magic doesn't always work as well as he would like it to. But this time, everything seemed to start all right. To Mr. Hob's astonishment, his gloves came to life and started hopping all over the shop.



4. They picked up the cobbler's tools and set to work. Some of them cut out the pieces of leather. Some knocked the nails in. And others put the finished shoes neatly on the shelves. And they worked so fast, too. "Well I never . . . !" said Mr. Hob. "I didn't know I could make magic gloves. Aren't they clever? They'll have all my work finished much quicker than I could ever do it. Thank you very much, Willie. You have been a great help to me."



5. But Mr. Hob wasn't quite so pleased when all the work was finished in record time and the gloves all hopped out of the shop. "Come back!" he called to them. "I've got to sell you!" But the gloves took no notice. They went out through the door and along the street. "Where can they be going?" said Willie.



6. Those gloves were going to surprise a lot of people that morning. Mr. Wipe, the window-cleaner, was the first to be surprised. A pair of gloves lifted him off his ladder, while another pair snatched his wash-leathers and set to work on the windows. He was simply amazed.



7. Then it was the turn of Mr. Potts, the painter. A pair of gloves snatched his brush and pot of paint, while others pushed him away. "What's going on?" he cried. But the gloves worked without a word.



8. Then there was Mr. Fiddle, the street violinist. His violin and bow were taken from him—and the gloves started to play a merry little tune all by themselves. Mr. Fiddle could hardly believe his eyes. He had never heard a pair of gloves play a violin so well before.



# Willie Wizz

## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



1. Every Saturday Mrs. Moppet went along to the Tumbletown Sweet Shop to buy a jar of sweets for her three children. But one Saturday Mr. Tweet, the Sweetshop Man, gave her the smallest jar she had ever seen.



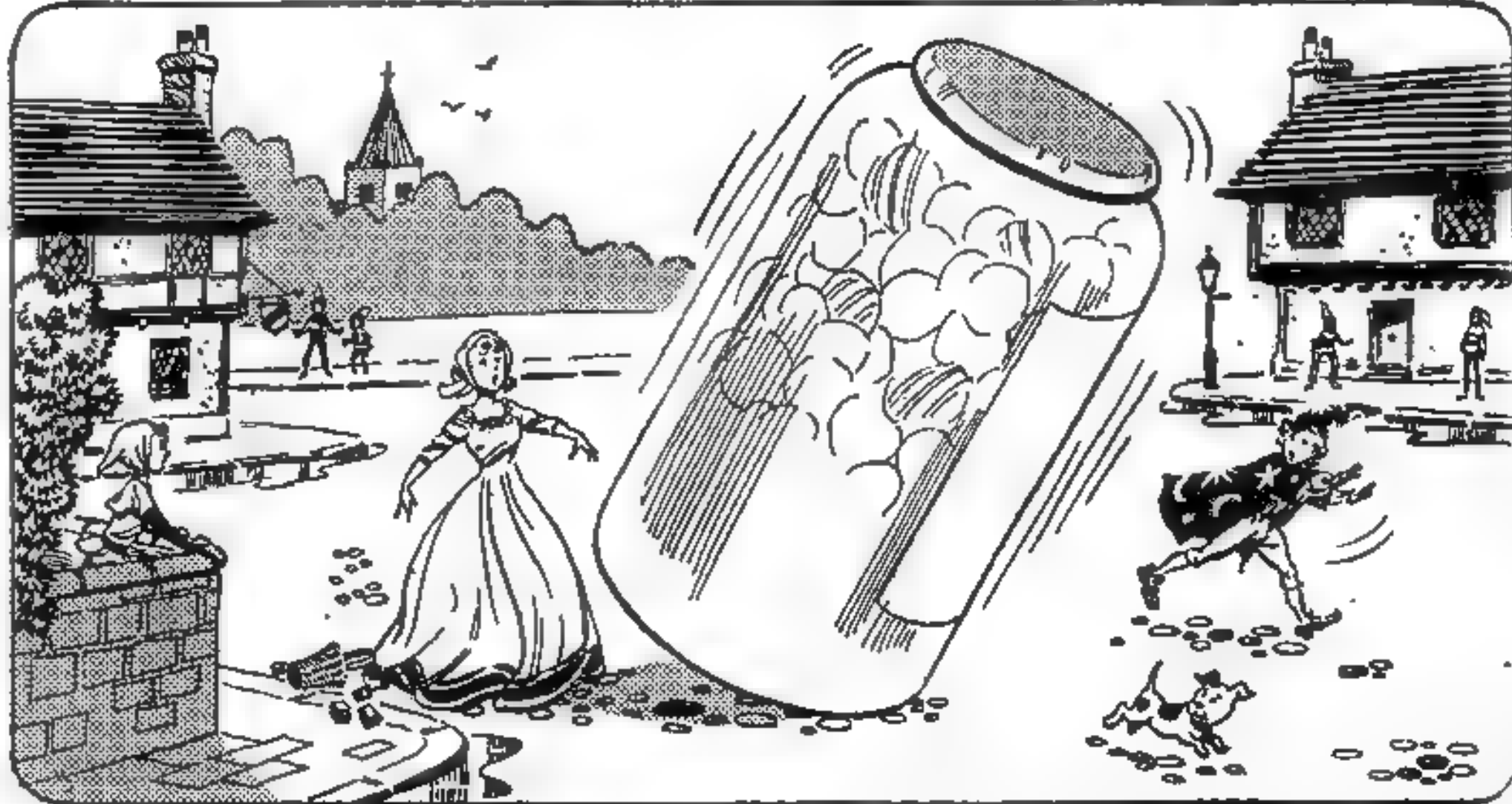
2. "It's all I have," he said. "I won't have any more until next week!" Poor Mrs. Moppet! She took the jar outside—and there met Willie Wizz, the boy magician. "What's the matter?" he asked.



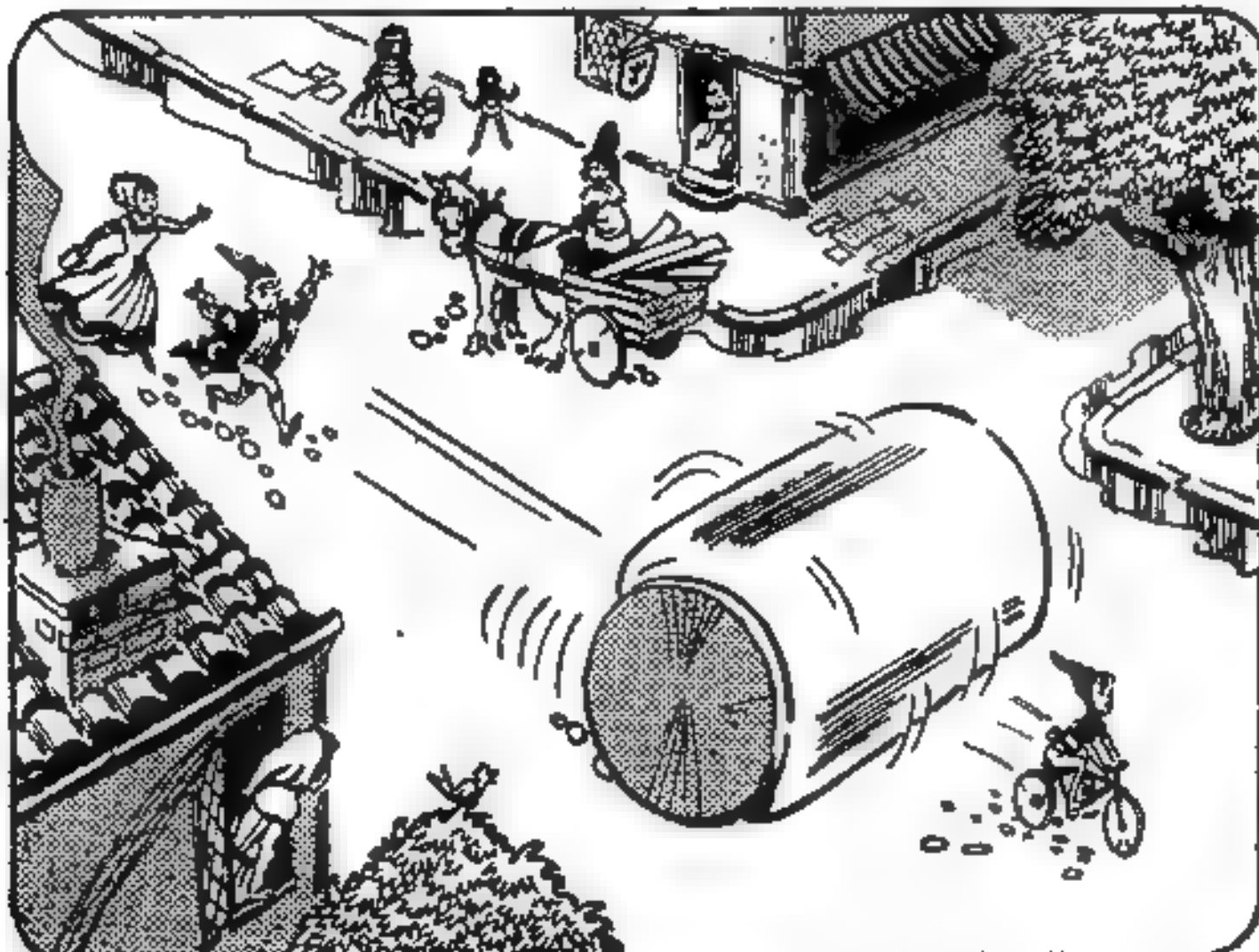
3. Mrs. Moppet told him all about it. "Leave it to me," said Willie. Waving his magicwand over the jar, he sang: "Humbugs, gumdrops, bubble-gum—see how big you can become!" It was a magic spell.



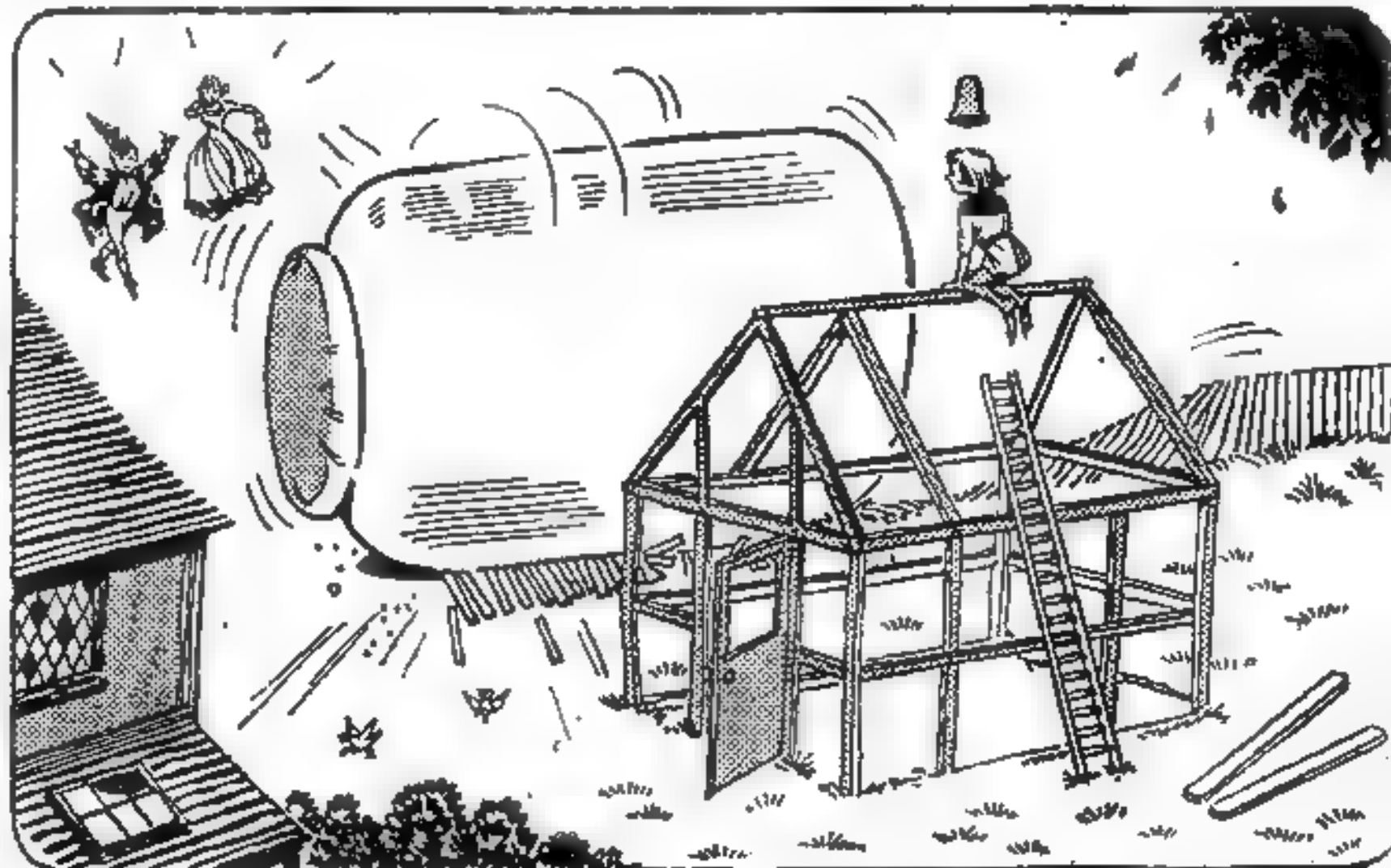
4. At once, the jar began to grow and grow and GROW. Even Willie was surprised. It grew so big, Mrs. Moppet could hardly hold it. "How am I going to carry this home?" she wanted to know. And still the jar grew.



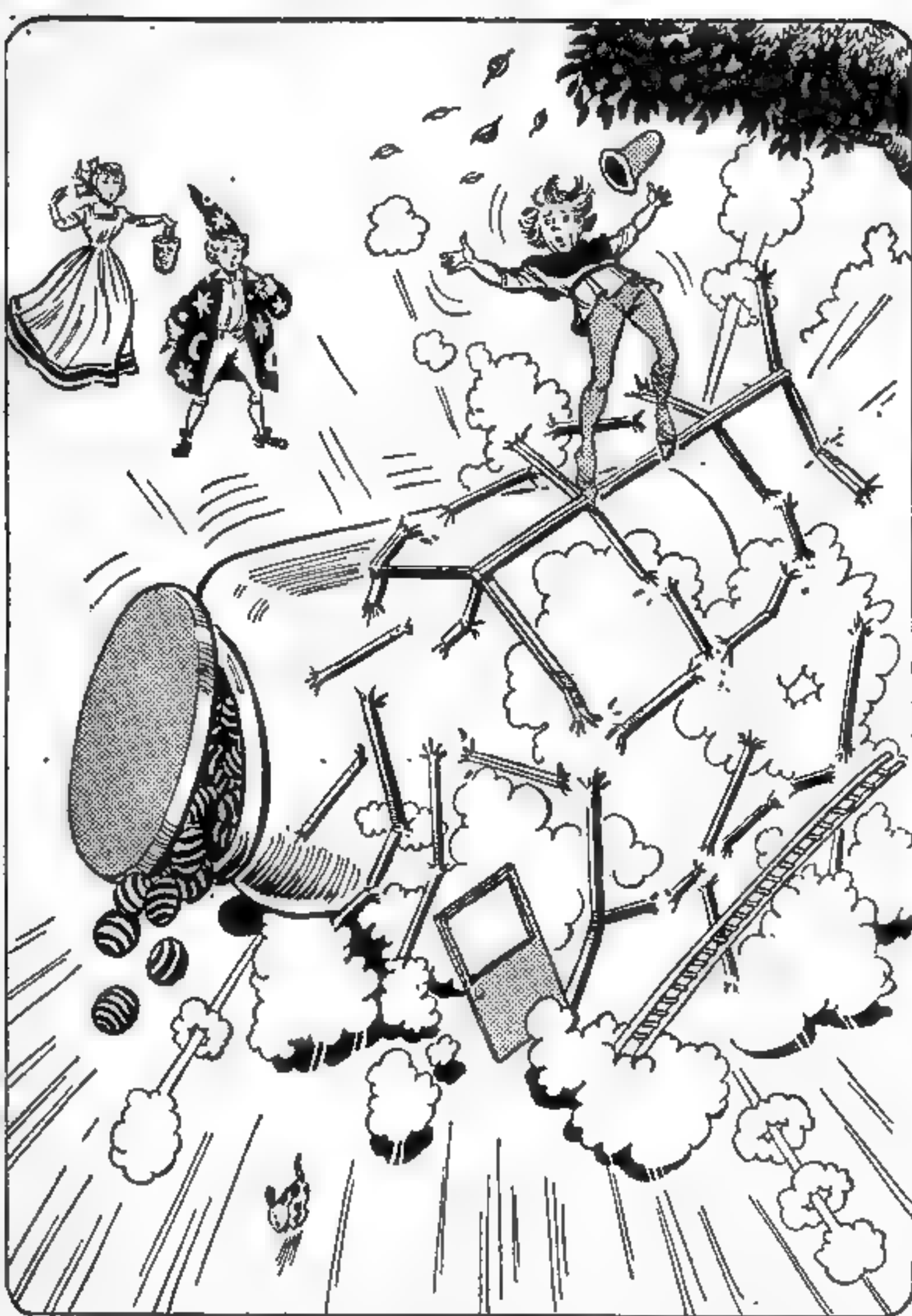
5. Willie's magic had worked a bit too well. Soon the jar of sweets was so big Mrs. Moppet had to let go of it. It landed on the ground with a THUD. It stood there tottering and growing and growing and tottering. "Look out! It's going to fall!" cried Willie, leaping out of the way. Sure enough, the jar of sweets started to fall over on its side. It certainly was the biggest jar ever. People came out to look at it!



6. The jar fell over and started to roll down the hill. Little Billie Bean had to pedal his bicycle like billy-o to stay in front of it. Away went Billie, the jar of sweets and Willie Wizz and Mrs. Moppet after it! "Oh dear!" thought Willie. "It's going to do some damage—I know it is!"



7. At times like this, Willie could never think of the proper spell to stop things happening before they happened. And it certainly looked as though the giant jar of sweets was going to get Willie into trouble. It had run all the way back to Mrs. Moppet's house—and there, right in front of it, was Mr. Moppet. He was busy building a greenhouse.



8. Mr. Moppet had no time to climb down from the roof and run away. The rolling jar flattened the garden fence and ran slap into the greenhouse with a CRASH! "Oh, my beautiful greenhouse! Oh, my poor tomatoes!" cried Mr. Moppet, as the wooden framework collapsed beneath him. "Oh, my poor husband!" cried Mrs. Moppet, who was not very fond of tomatoes anyway!



9. But at least the greenhouse had stopped the jar from rolling any farther. The lid fell off—and out poured the most enormous sweets. Ronnie and Johnnie, who had seen what happened, were delighted. But Mrs. Moppet and Willie were more concerned with Mr. Moppet. "Are you all right, dear?" his wife asked him, as they pulled bits of greenhouse off him. "I th-think so!" he said shakily.



10. And luckily, when he had stopped being dizzy, he felt perfectly all right. "But what about my greenhouse?" he asked angrily. "You can use the sweet jar," said Willie. And so he could. Ronnie, Johnnie and Connie, the children, carted the huge sweets indoors. They had enough to last all the year. And their father had a lovely greenhouse. It had all worked out well after all! What a good thing!

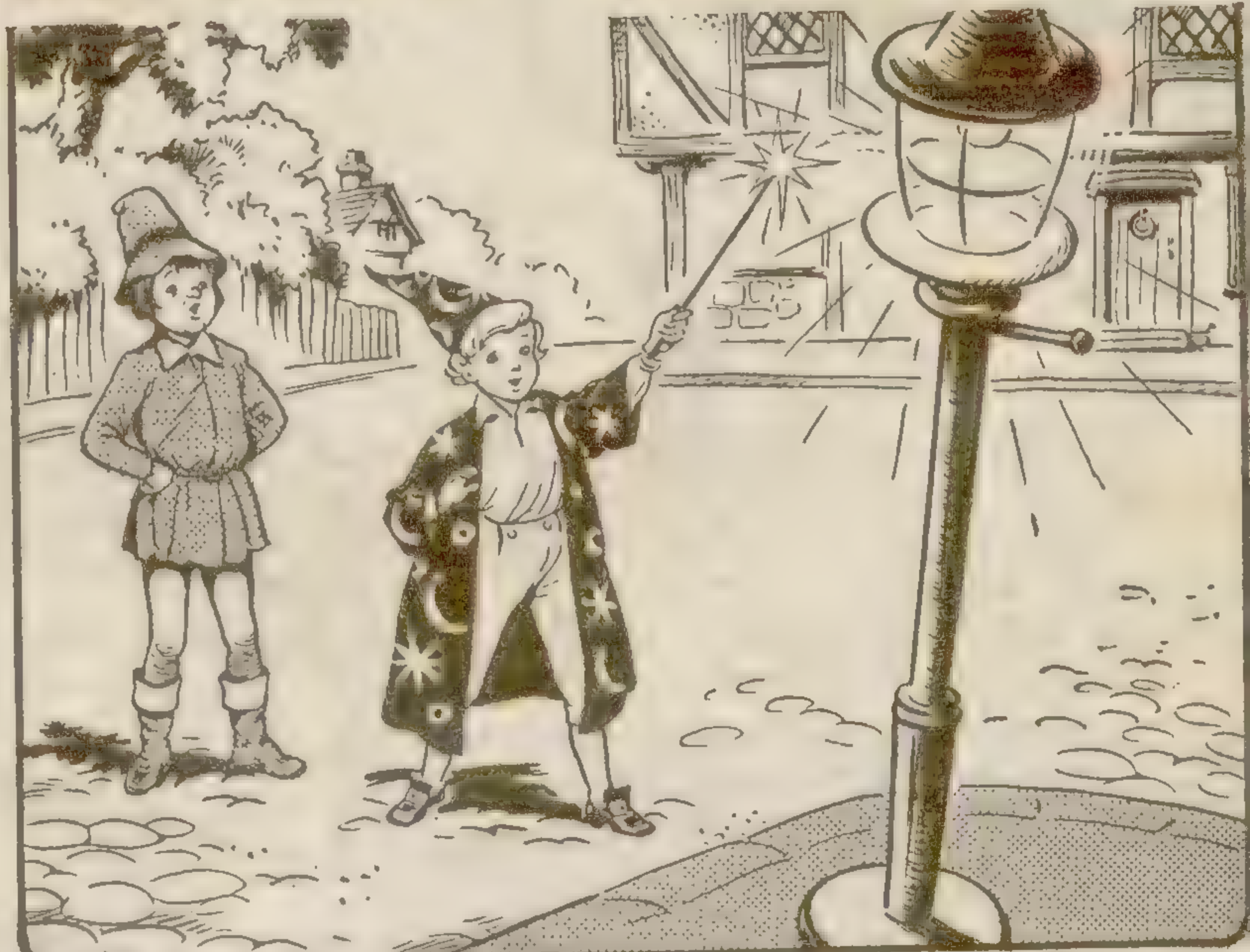
*You'll laugh to see what Willie's magic does to a lot of lamp-posts next Thursday*

# Willie Wizz

## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



1. One evening, Willie Wizz, the boy magician, was out for a walk when he met Jimmy Glim, the Tumbletown lamplighter. "Why, you're looking very glum, Mr. Glim," said Willie. "What's the matter?" "It's my poor old feet!" Jimmy explained. "Every evening I have to walk miles and miles lighting the lamps—and now I've got a corn that's hurting me!"



2. "Poor Mr. Glim!" said Willie. "Perhaps I can help . . ." And he took out his magic wand from a pocket of his magic robe and waved it about. "Lamps, help Mr. Glim tonight—go and get yourselves alight!" he called. And at once—*plink!*—the nearest lamp was alight.



3. "Why, that's very clever!" said Jimmy Glim. "How is it done?" But before Willie could explain, the lighted lamp grew two little legs and two little feet, hopped down from the pavement and started to run away! "Hey, come back!" called Mr. Glim.



4. It seemed the lamp was going to get all his friends, the other lamps. At any rate, he was back in a moment. And behind him streamed a long line of lamps of every shape and size. "You've made all the lamps come to life, Willie!" sighed Mr. Glim. "Now, whatever shall I do? All Tumbletown will be in darkness tonight unless you can put the lamps back where they belong."



5. Poor Willie! His magic is always going wrong. And he had another worry, too. "I think all those lamps are after us!" he cried. "Quick, Mr. Glim, run for it!" And with the lamps galloping along behind them, Willie and Jimmy Glim scuttled off along the street. The Tumbletown folk were surprised!



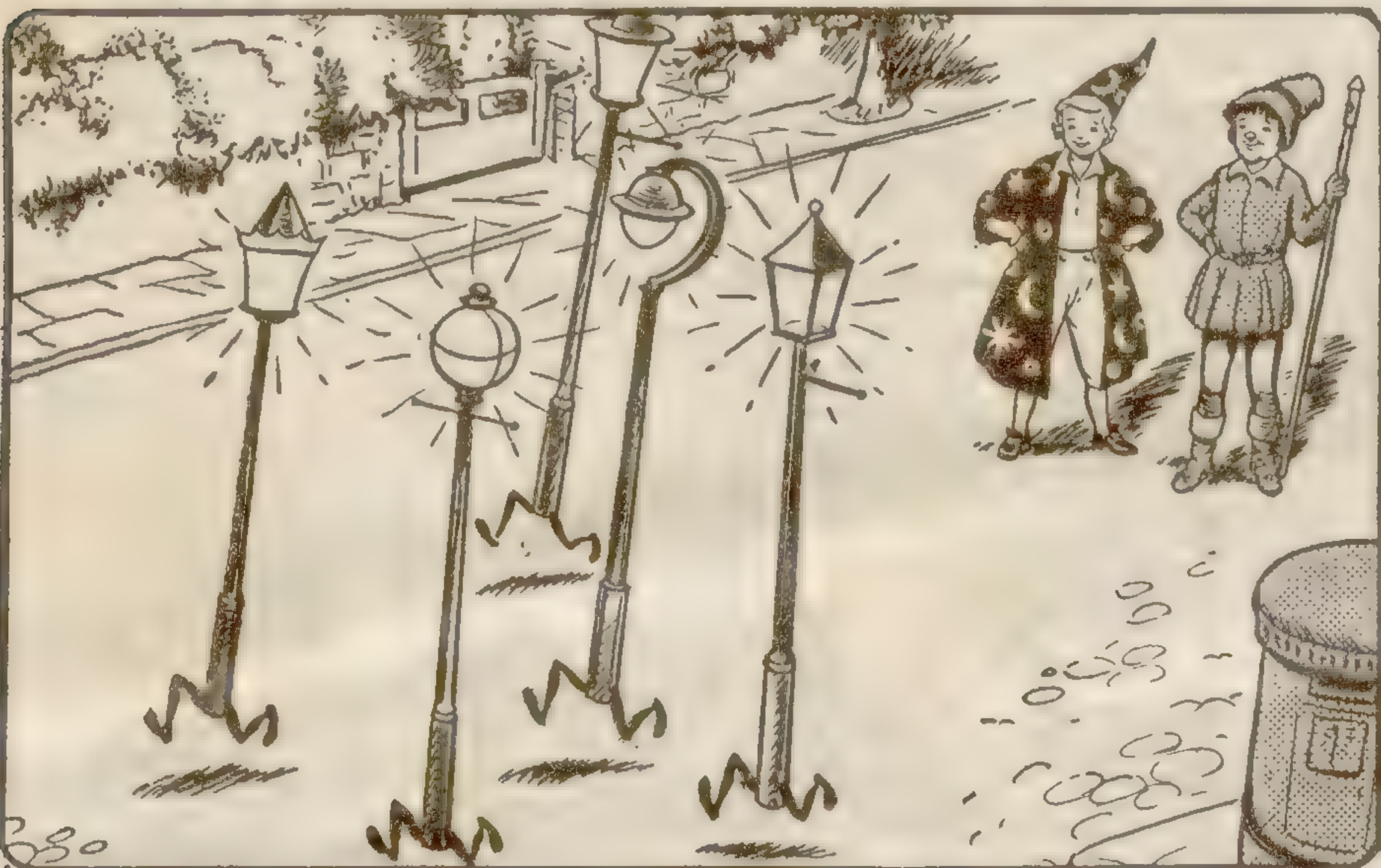
6. But, at last, Willie and Jimmy Glim had to stop to have a rest. The lamps surrounded them, sitting down in a circle. "They seem to want something!" said Willie.

When is a river like a door? When it has a 'lock' and 'quay' (key)



7. One of the lamps lowered his top towards Mr. Glim. "Why, I do believe it wants to be lit!" cried Willie. Then he said to the lamps: "All right, stand in line and Mr. Glim will light you one at a time." And the lamps dipped their tops for Mr. Glim.

8. All the lamplighter had to do was walk along the line and hold up his lighting pole as each lamp-post bobbed towards it. "Why, this is *much* easier than walking all round Tumbletown to light the lamps!" cried Jimmy Glim. "Thank you, Willie!"



9. "Don't thank me—thank the lamps!" laughed Willie. "It was their idea." It certainly looked as though the lamps were trying to be helpful. As soon as they were all lit, away they ran, back to their places along the pavements of Tumbletown.



10. So Jimmy Glim finished his lamplighting job much sooner than usual. He could go home for his supper—and he invited Willie to come with him. "I've certainly never heard of lamps that came to the lamplighter," he chuckled. "Well done, Willie!"

**You'll laugh next week when Willie Wizz magics Mr. Merry's bath**

# Willie Wizz

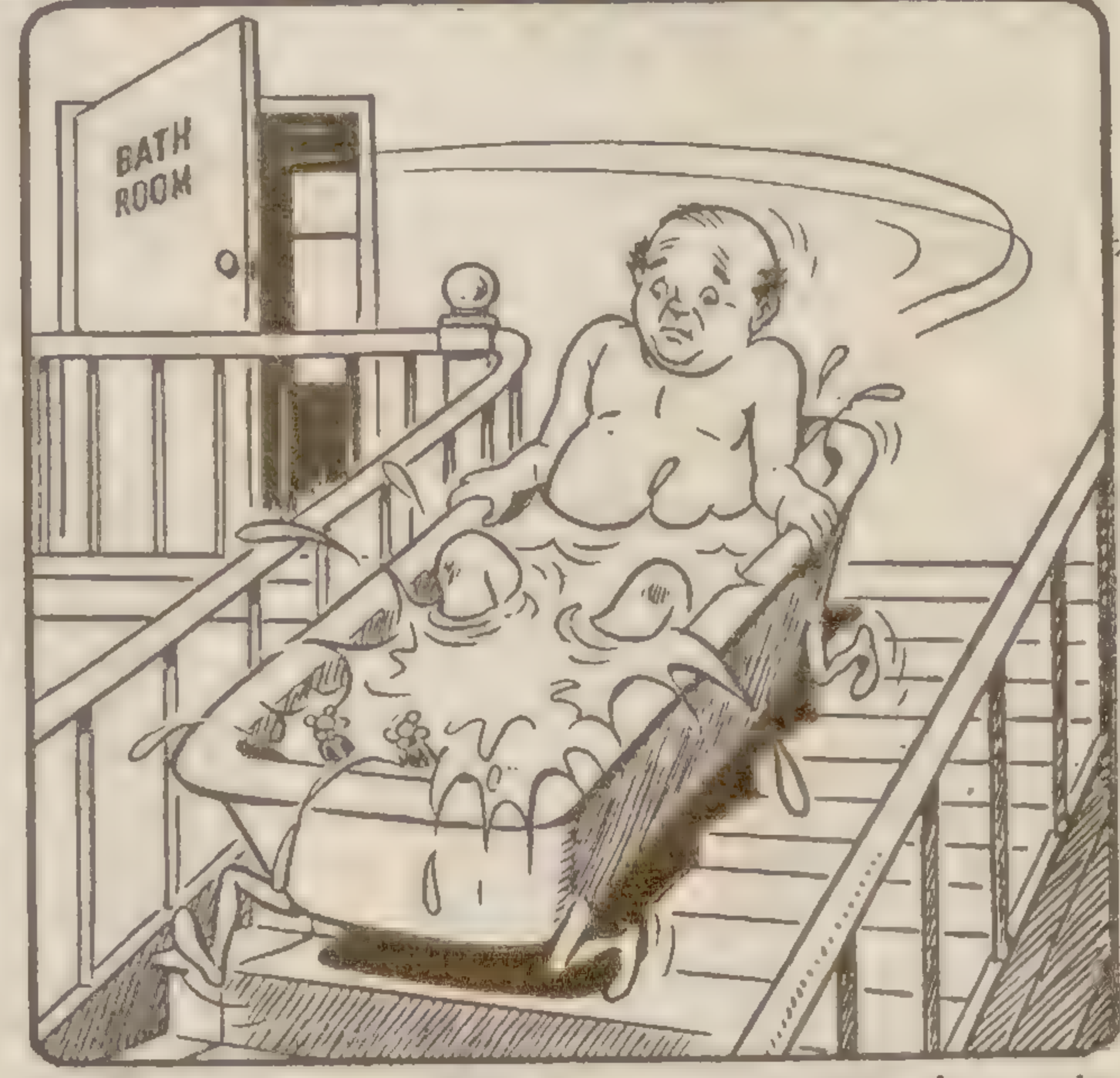
## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



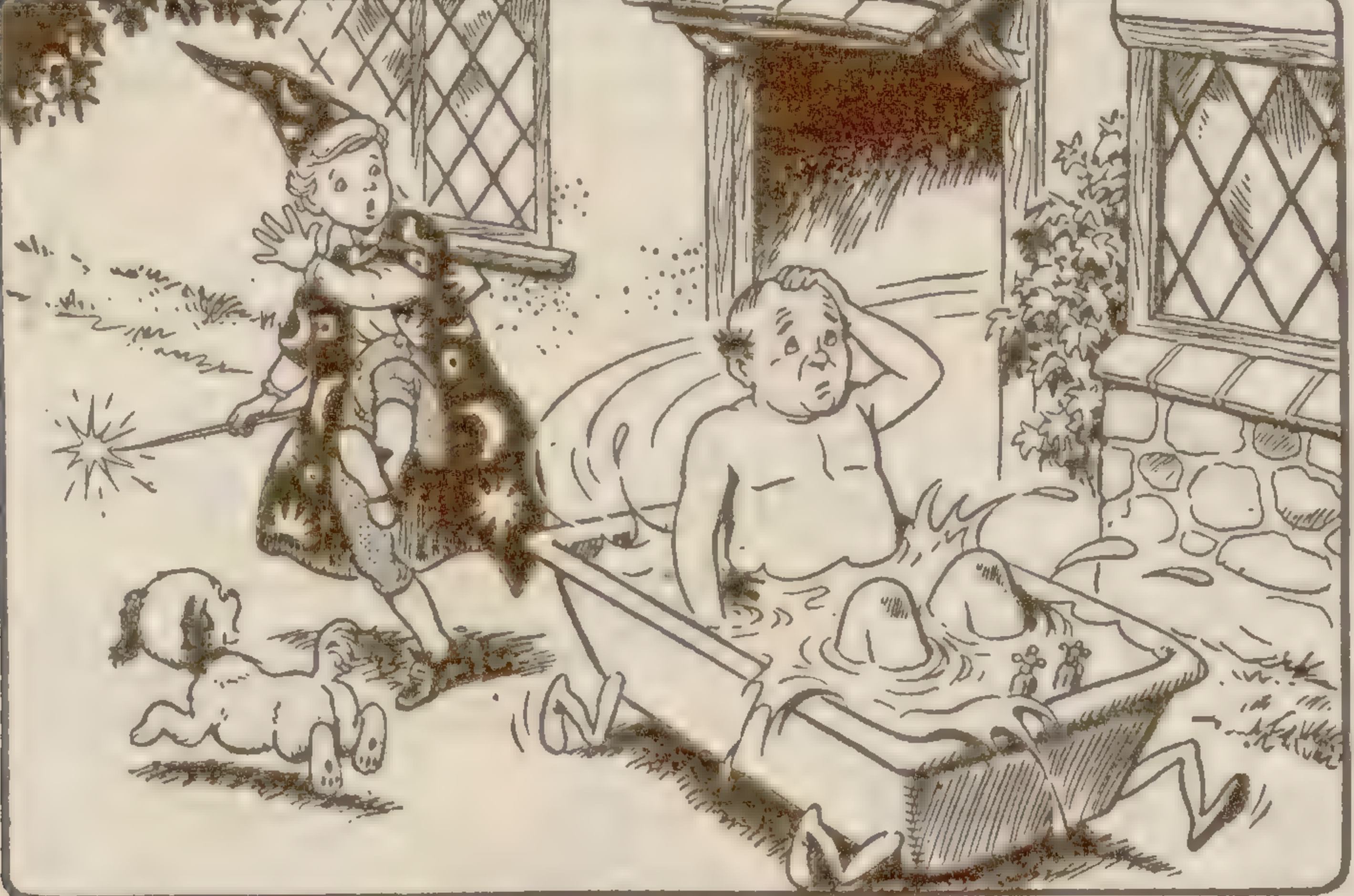
1. Willie Wizz, the boy magician, is very fond of animals, and when he saw a puppy drinking from a puddle he felt sorry for him. "What a shame," he said. "There should be a proper drinking trough for animals in Tumbletown. And I will magic one for you."



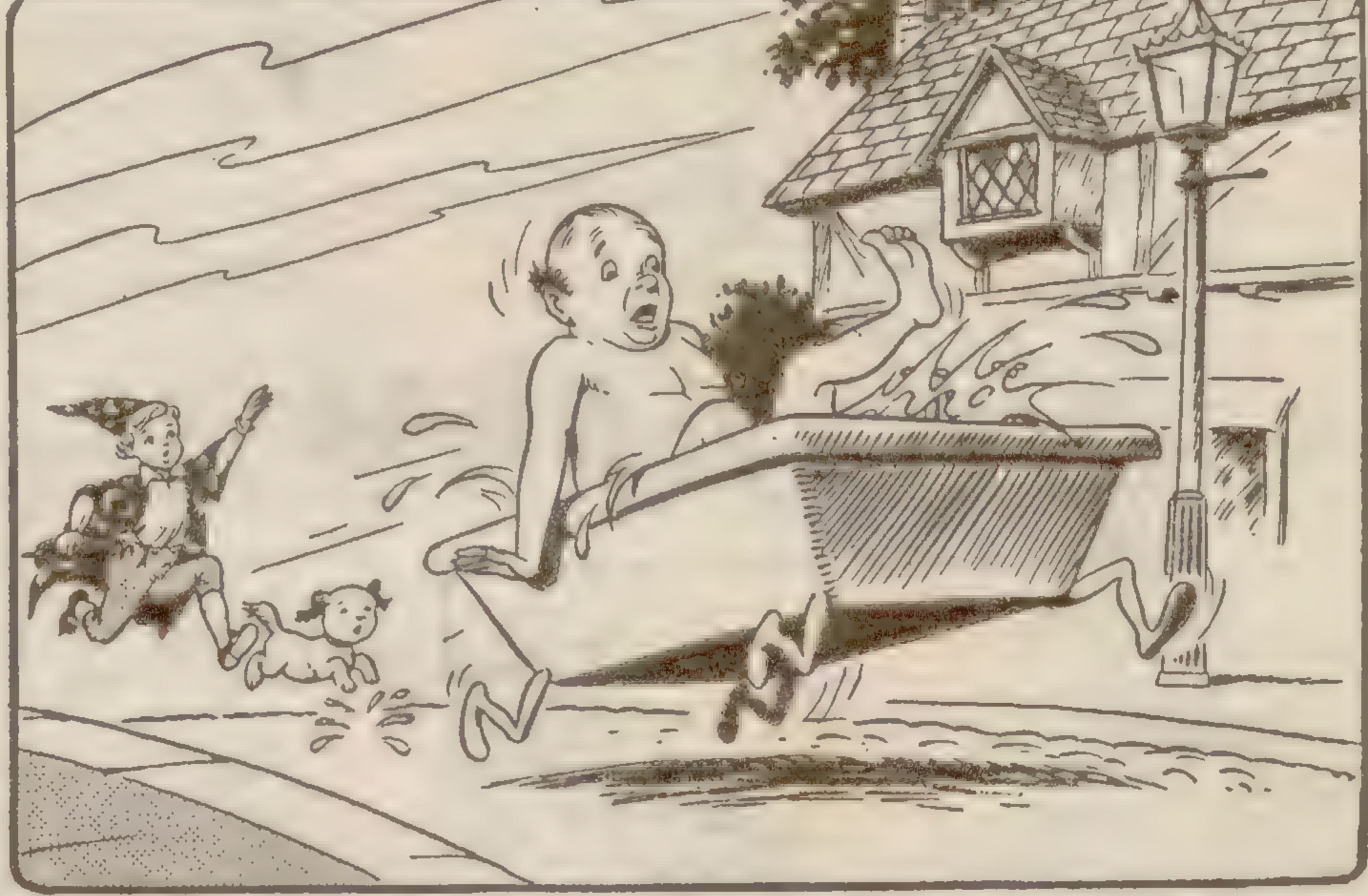
2. So Willie waved his magic wand and said a spell: "*Inky-pinky, diddly-doo—send a trough and water, too!*" Now Willie always means well, but his magic spells have a way of going wrong. Luckily, things always come right again at sunset.



3. This time, Willie's magic started work on Mr. Merry's bath. It was just the right shape for a water trough and it had water in it. It had Mr. Merry in it, too, and he got the surprise of his life when his bath ran out of the bathroom and down the stairs!



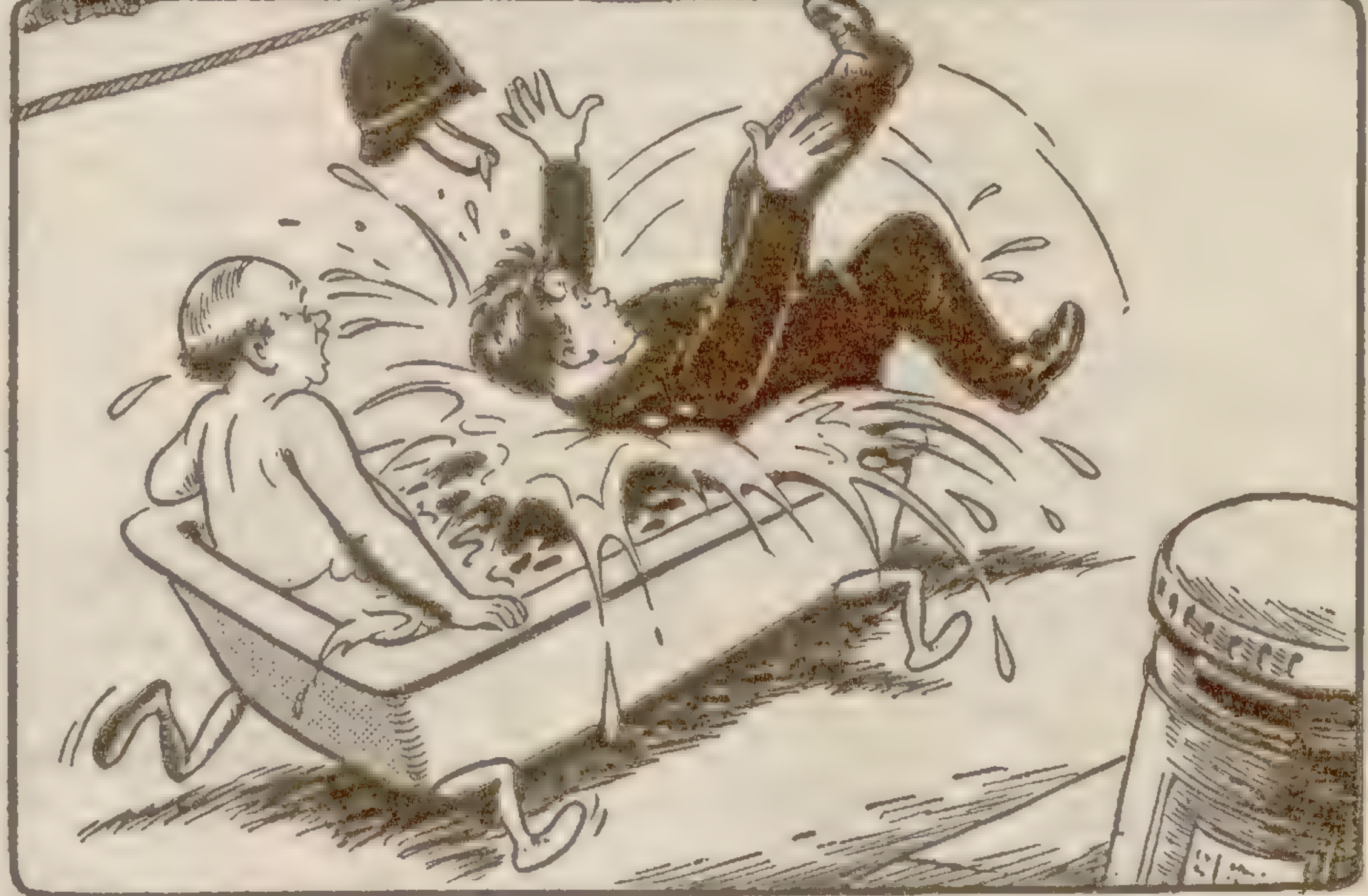
4. "STOP! STOP! LET ME OUT!" shouted Mr. Merry. But the bath had been magicked and couldn't stop. It ran out of the house and into the street, but not before Mr. Merry had caught a glimpse of Willie and his wand. "This is Willie's doing, I'll be bound!" gasped Mr. Merry. Of course, everyone in Tumbletown knows all about Willie and his magic!



5. And as soon as he saw Mr. Merry, Willie knew, too, that something had gone wrong with his magic once again! "I didn't mean that kind of water trough," he gasped. And he ran down the road after the bath, hoping to make another spell and put things right. Perhaps it was just as well he didn't catch up. Who knows what might have happened if Willie had made another spell?



6. Presently, the bath came to the cross-roads where Mr. Plop, the Policeman, was on duty stopping the traffic. But stopping traffic is one thing, and stopping a runaway bath is quite another! Poor Mr. Plop could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the bath. It came whizzing down the road towards him, faster than anything he had ever seen before. All he could do was turn and run!



7. Mr. Plop ran just as fast as he could, but the bath ran even faster. It caught him up, bumped the back of his legs, and the next moment he had toppled into the water with Mr. Merry! And even then the bath didn't stop. "Well, bother my buttons!" said Mr. Plop. "I've seen some things in my time, but a runaway bath is something I've never, ever seen before!"



8. Luckily, it was almost sunset, and as the sun sank, Willie said the spell backwards and the bath stopped. Mr. Merry and Mr. Plop felt much too dizzy to move. It wasn't until some thirsty animals came along for a drink, that they began to feel very much better and got out of the bath. Willie caught up then, and said how sorry he was that his spell had gone wrong.

*In next Thursday's story Willie Wizz helps the postman*



9. "Well, it wasn't really such a bad idea," said Mr. Merry. "We'll leave the bath here as a drinking trough for the animals. They seem to need one." So now there is a big drinking trough for horses and a little one for dogs in the Market Square of Tumble-town. And when the people put up a statue to Mr. Merry for his kindness, he felt really quite pleased with Willie's magic!



# Willie Wizz

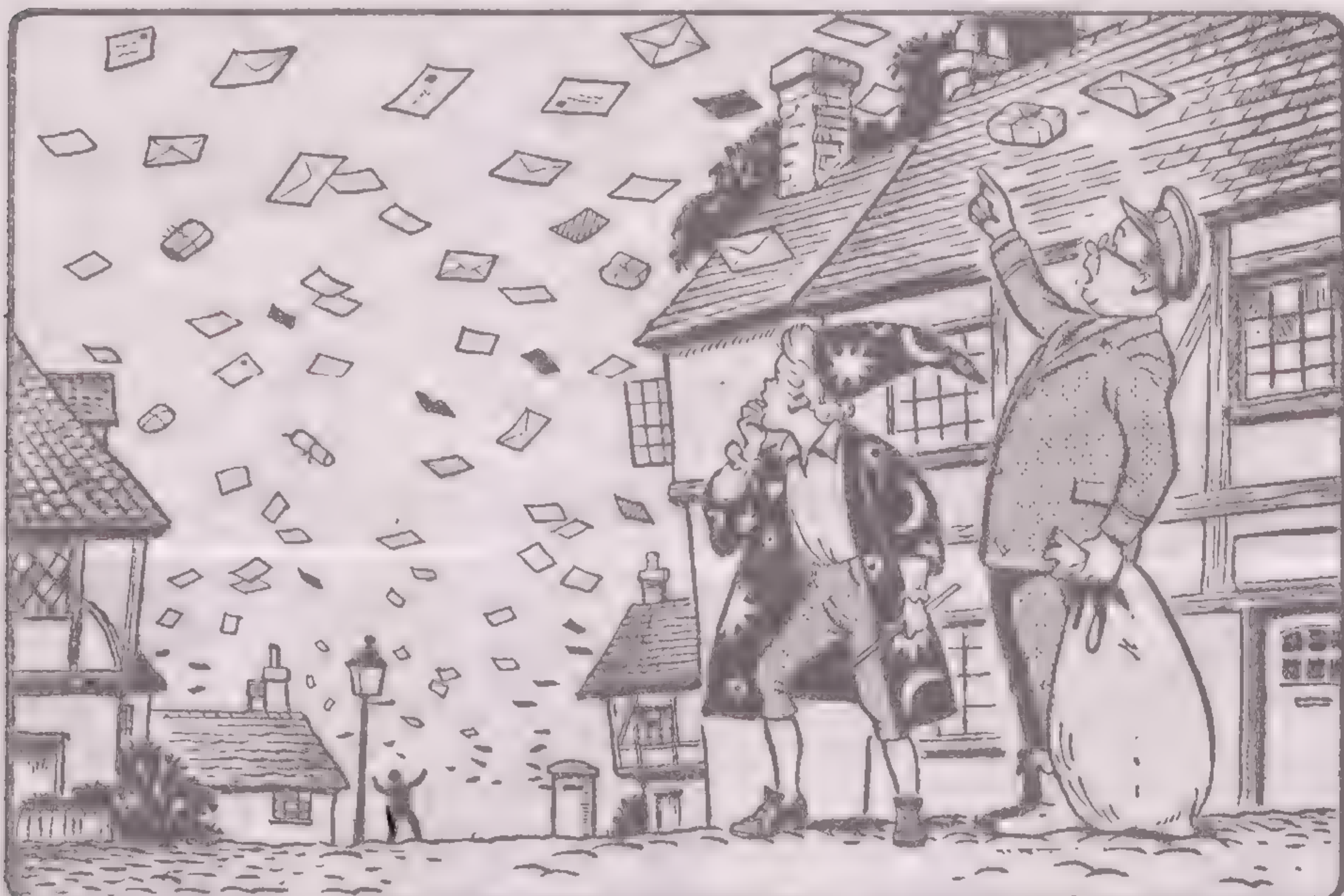
## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



1. One day, when Willie Wizz went to post a letter, he met the postman standing by the postbox and looking very down in the dumps. "What's the matter, Mr. Postman?" asked Willie. "You look as if you have tooth-ache, ear-ache and tummy-ache all rolled into one!" "It's my poor feet," sighed the postman. "I have to walk so far emptying all the letter-boxes."



2. "What a shame," said Willie. "Perhaps I can help you." Willie is a boy magician. His magic spells don't always work out just as he wants them to, but he means well. So Willie waved his magic wand and said a magic spell: "Never mind the keys and locks—bring the letters from the box!" And the spell worked. The letters came flying out of the box!



3. But, as usual, Willie's magic went wrong. The letters came not only from the box Willie had magicked, but from every letter-box in Tumbletown. There were big letters, little letters, middle-sized letters and even one or two parcels. Soon the sky over Tumbletown was filled with letters, all flying as fast as they could to deliver themselves to the postman!



4. As soon as the letters came to the place where Willie and the postman were standing, they started to drop to the ground. The letters weren't so bad, but when the parcels started to fall, Willie and the postman got several bumps and they didn't feel at all pleased about it. "I thought so," said the postman. "I should have known better than to let you help me, Willie."



5. By the time the very last parcel had tumbled down, Willie and the postman were underneath a heap that came right up to their necks. "I know you meant to help, Willie," said the postman. "But how do you think I can carry all these letters round. My sack isn't nearly big enough."



6. Willie did a little thinking and said: "Hey presto! I know! You sit on the seat, Mr. Postman, and I will do a little more magic!" "Oh no—not that! Anything but that!" cried the postman. But he was too late. Willie was already making another magic spell: "Letters large and letters small—parcels, postcards, one and all—jump upon the seat that's there, and help us take you round by air!" he said.



7. And for once, Willie's spell *didn't* go wrong! The letters jumped off the ground and piled on to the seat, leaving just enough room for Willie. And, as Willie sat down, the seat, Willie, postman and letters sailed up into the air. They flew along and at each house they came to, the right letters sorted themselves out of the pile and passed themselves over, all ready to be delivered.

*Next Thursday Willie Wizz does something very exciting—he magics the weather!*



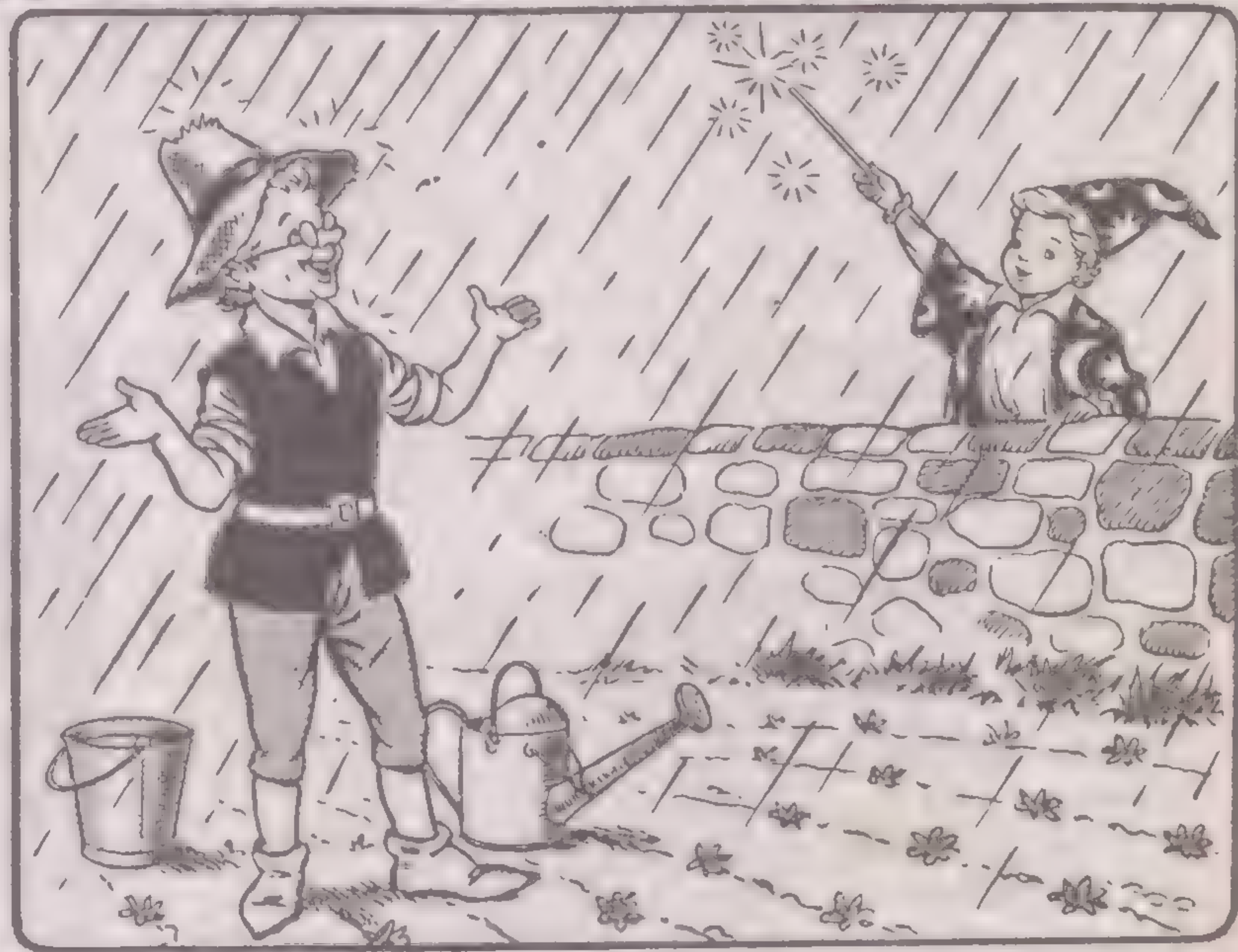
8. Willie and the postman had only to hand them to their owners and then on they flew to the next address, so all the letters in Tumbletown were delivered very quickly that morning. It was the first Air Mail post that ever was! The postman was so pleased. "Fancy one of *your* spells working properly, Willie," he chuckled. "You're quite a good magician when things go right!"

# Willie Wizz

## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



1. "What a funny noise," said Willie Wizz, the boy magician, as he heard a grunting and puffing sound coming from the other side of a garden wall. Willie looked over the wall and saw that the noises were being made by Mr. Dibble, the gardener. "What's the matter, Mr. Dibble?" asked Willie. "It's this dry weather," said Mr. Dibble. "I have to keep carrying out water to my plants, and it makes my back ache."



2. "A little magic will soon put that right," said Willie. So he waved his magic wand and sang a little spell: "R and A-I-N, it's plain—makes a proper spell of rain!" And it did! The rain came down in torrents and Mr. Dibble was very pleased. "The rain will water all my plants. I shan't have to carry any more pails," he said.



3. But although the rain pleased Mr. Dibble, Mrs. Mimble didn't like it at all. "Bother the rain!" she cried, crossly. "Fancy starting just as I had pegged all my washing on the line. How I am going to get my clothes dry now, I just don't know!" "Oh, dear!" said Willie. "Trying to be a helpful magician isn't easy. A spell that's just right for one person is all wrong for another."



4. Willie did his best to put things right. He made a spell that stopped the rain from raining on Mrs. Mimble's clothes. But even then, she wasn't very happy. "The clothes are so wet now that they need a strong breeze to dry them," she said. So Willie made a windy spell: "Bend the trees and bushes, Breeze—and dry this line of washin', please!" he sang.



5. But this spell, like so many of Willie's spells, didn't work out quite right. The breeze was rather stronger than Willie meant it to be. It dried Mrs. Mimble's clothes, but it blew hats off people's heads, too. Mrs. Mimble was pleased with Willie, but no one else was. And when Mr. Policeman lost his helmet, he said: "I believe this is more of your magic, young Willie!"



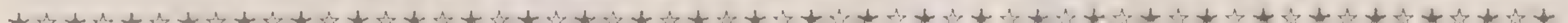
6. So Willie had yet another try to put things right! He waved his magic wand once more and made a different spell. "My windy spell went wrong, I fear—please let us have some sunshine here!" he sang. And this time the spell went right. The sun came out, the birds sang and people started to take off their hats and jackets. "What a lovely day—just like summer!" they said.



7. "Ah! Now I know what to do," thought Willie. "I will make a spell to give everyone just the kind of weather they want." And he sang a spell which went like this: "Some folk like a shower of rain—but that makes other folk complain. Some like breezes, some do not, some like sunshine (quite a lot). So with this magic wand of mine, I'll give to each what *THEY* think fine!"

8. And this time, Willie *did* please everyone. Mr. Dibble the gardener had plenty of rain to water his plants, Mrs. Mimble had a nice strong breeze to dry her clothes, the children who wanted to make a snowman, had snow, and for the others there was lovely, warm sunshine. Nobody wanted fog, of course! And, for once, everyone in Tumbletown agreed that Willie really was a good magician.

*Next week Willie Wizz magics a bus and lots of funny things happen*

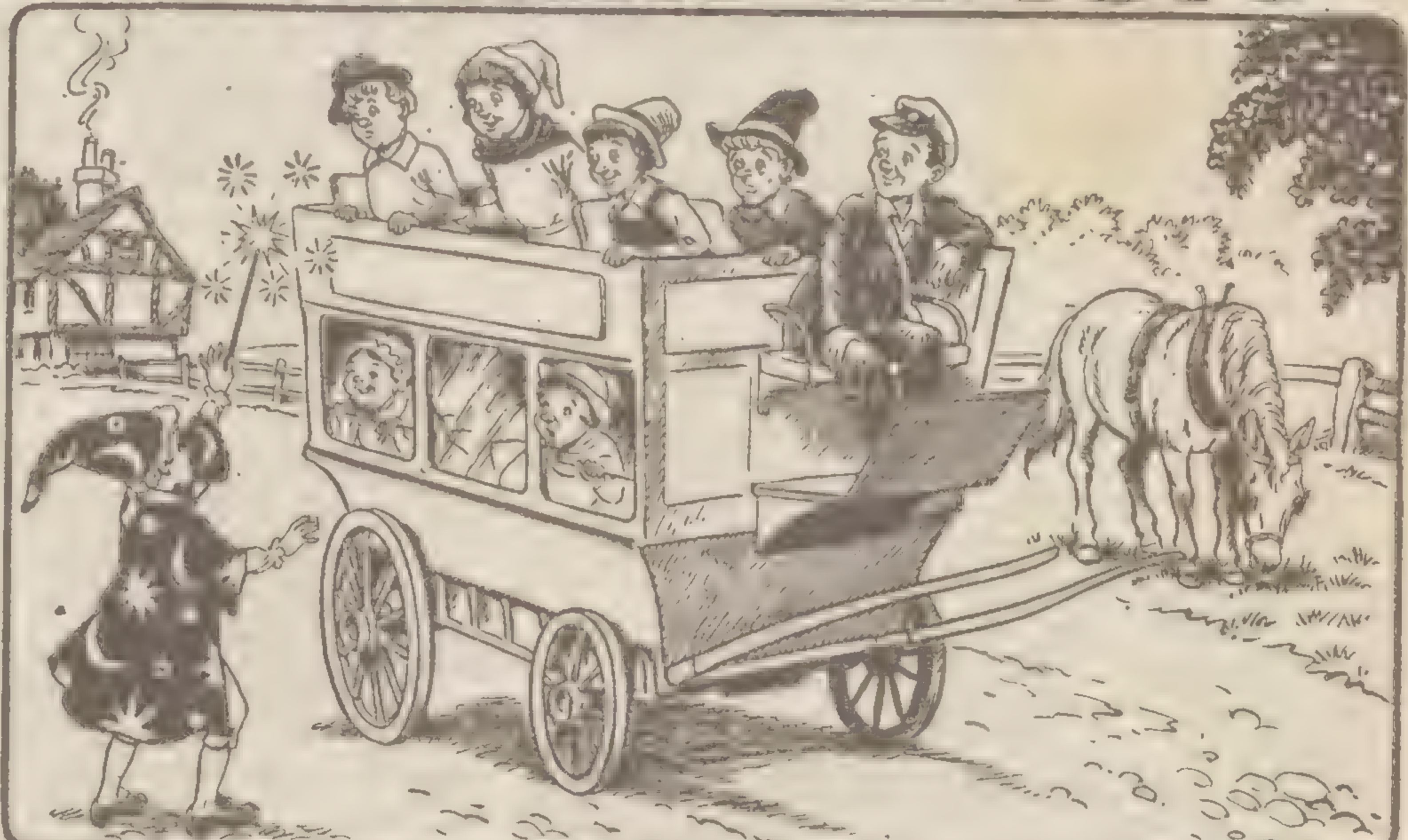


# Willie Wizz

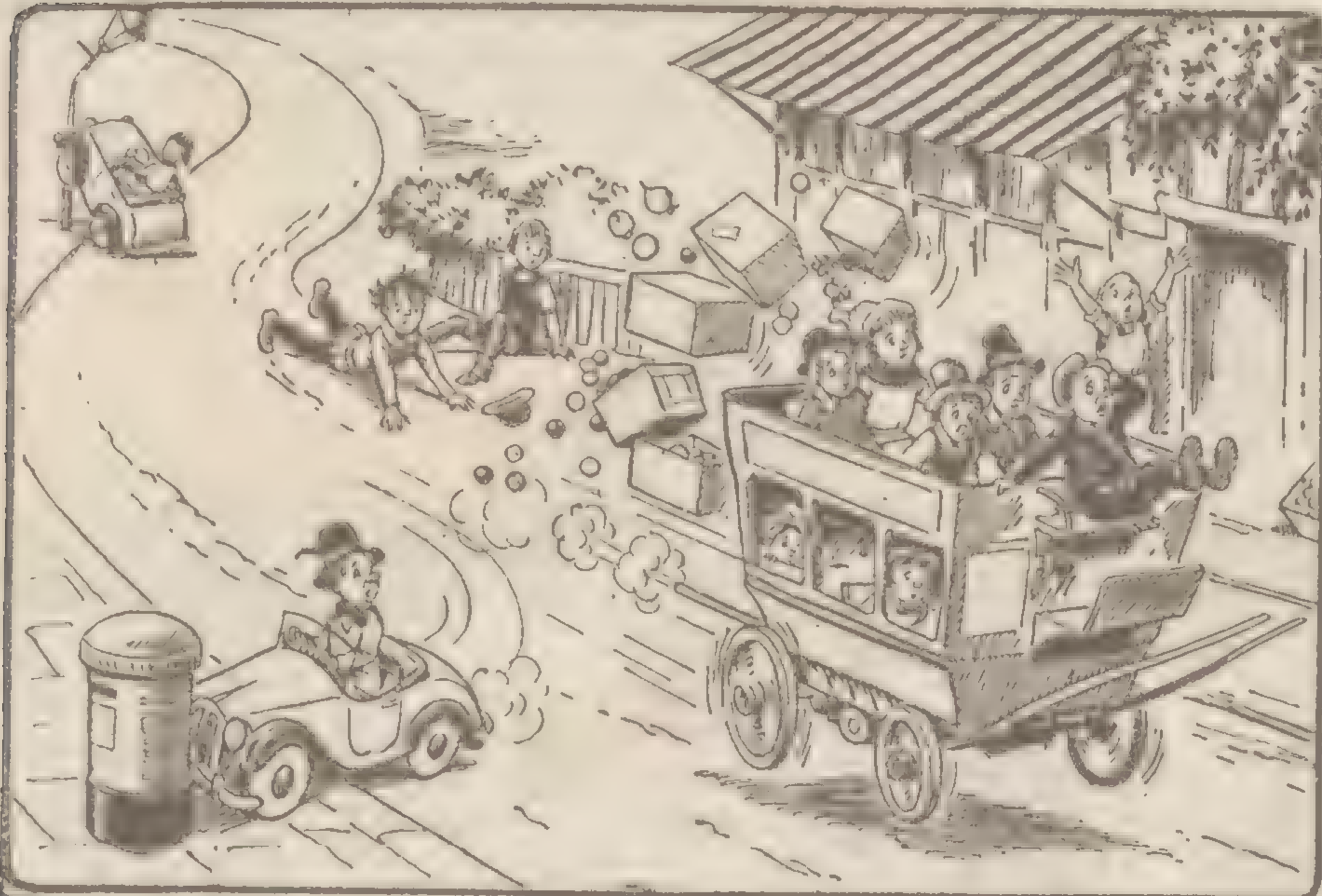
## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



1. For as long as anyone could remember, Dobbin, the horse, had pulled the Tumbletown bus to market and back again twice a day. But now Dobbin was getting old, and one day Willie Wizz saw the passengers helping to push the bus up Derrydown Hill. "Dobbin just can't climb the hill any more," said the driver.



2. "Poor Dobbin," said Willie. "He ought to live in a nice green field and have nothing to do except eat grass all day. If you take him out of the shafts, I will make a spell to help you." So the driver unharnessed Dobbin, the passengers got back into the bus, and Willie said a magic spell which went like this: "Eenie, meenie, miney, mo—without a horse this bus shall go!"



3. Willie's spell worked beautifully—at first! The bus turned into a motor bus and started off down the road. But Willie had forgotten to ask for a steering wheel and when they came to a twisty part, the bus went straight on, instead of twisting and turning. Everything that could move got out of the way—but not all of the things that were in the way could move.



4. The things that couldn't move went flying as the bus bumped into them, and the driver was very pleased when the bus ran out of the town. There were fewer things to bump into! But they hadn't gone far when the road turned left and the bus didn't. It went straight ahead, crashed through a hedge and jolted across the fields of Farmer Popcorn's farm, towards the big barn.



5. Farmer Popcorn was just opening the doors of his barn when he saw the bus coming towards him. "Curl my cauliflowers!" he cried. "What's that bus doing here? My barn isn't a bus garage, but it is coming straight in."



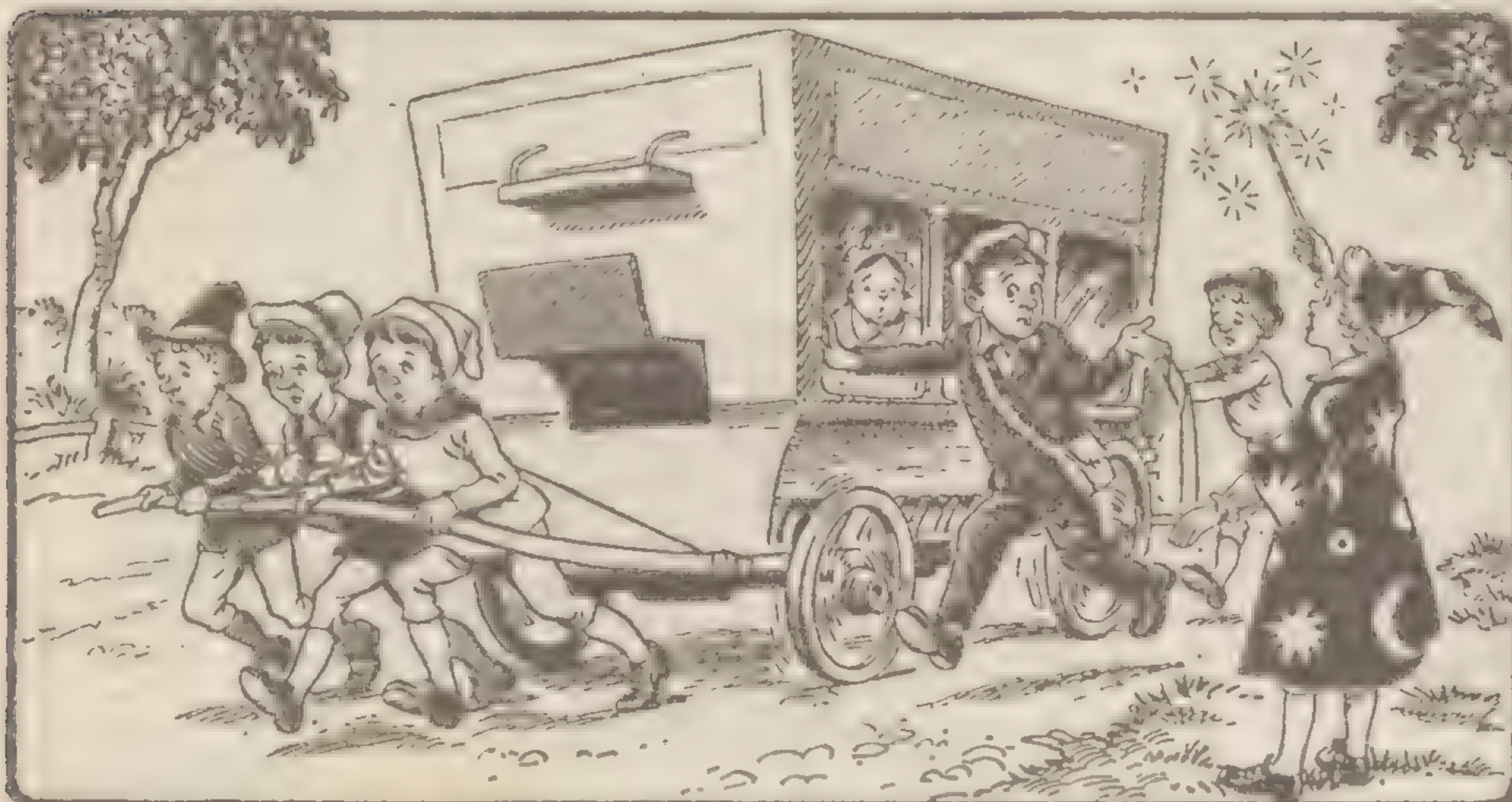
6. Farmer Popcorn made up his mind that if the bus came into his barn it should go right out again. So he ran through the barn and opened the doors at the other end. He managed to get them both opened wide, just before the bus caught up with him.



7. "Whew! That was a near thing!" he gasped, as the bus went straight through the barn and out through the back doors without touching anything on the way. And still it didn't stop. It bumped across the field to the ditch on the far side.



8. It was the ditch that stopped the bus at last, and when it *did* stop it stopped with such a jolt that the passengers tumbled about like ninepins. The driver, and Tommy Twinkle who was riding on top, dived into the ditch. They weren't the *least* bit pleased. "Just wait until I see that Willie again," said the driver. "I'll tell him what I think of him."



9. But they didn't see Willie again until they were pushing the bus back to Town. He was still trying to catch up with them! And before anyone could stop him, Willie made another magic spell. "Please make a bus that can't explode, go wrong or wander off the road!" he said. He meant to make sure that he didn't forget anything *this time*!



10. And what do you think Willie's magic made? Why, the very first tram-car that ever was, complete with tram-lines for it to run on. And *this time* everything went right. The tram-car ran smoothly on its lines all through the twisty streets of Tumbletown, and everyone was very pleased indeed with Willie. And, of course, Willie was very pleased with himself!

**Next Thursday Willie Wizz magics a school-teacher**

# Willie Wizz

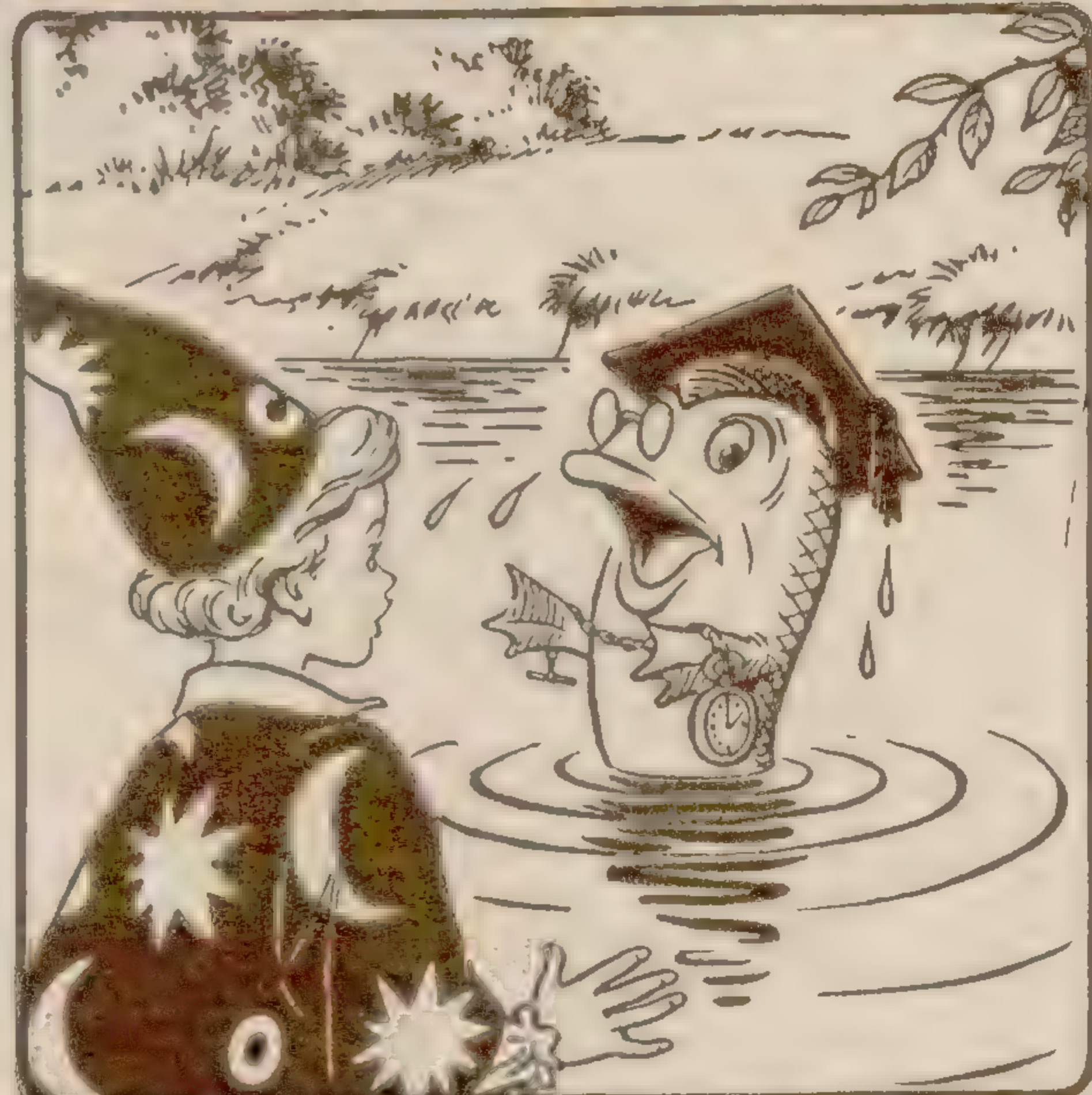
## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



1. Mr. Wise, the Tumbletown schoolmaster, woke up so late one morning that he had to run to get to school in time to start lessons. And, as he ran over a bridge across the river, his watch bounced out of his pocket and fell into the water.



2. Poor Mr. Wise was so upset at losing his watch that Willie Wizz, the boy magician, decided to help him. He waved his wand and said a spell: "Magic wand, please grant my wish, let Mister Wise become a fish!" And Mr. Wise did.



3. "There," said Willie. "Now you can dive down and get back your watch." At first, Mr. Wise was delighted. He dived and found his watch quite easily. "Now please turn me back into myself," he said. But Willie couldn't undo spells till sunset!



4. Mr. Wise was very worried. "Who is going to teach the children all day?" he asked. Willie thought and thought, and then he said: "I know. You cannot go to the children, so they shall come to you." Willie ran to the school, rang the bell, and told the children to follow him to the river.



5. "Oh GOODY!" shouted all the children. "Lessons out of doors today. That will be fun." They ran merrily down to the river and, as they reached the bank, Willie waved his magic wand and said this magic spell for each one: "Become a fish in water cool, and join your Teacher's fishy school!" One by one, the children changed into fish and dived into the river, taking their slates with them, all ready to begin their lessons!



6. Mr. Wise flapped his fins happily as he saw all his pupils coming to join him. "Gather round, children," he said. "Our first lesson today will be about shells. Let's go for a swim and see how many different kinds we can find." After that, they had a lesson about water plants and another about fish. Everyone agreed that learning lessons at a fishy school was fine fun!



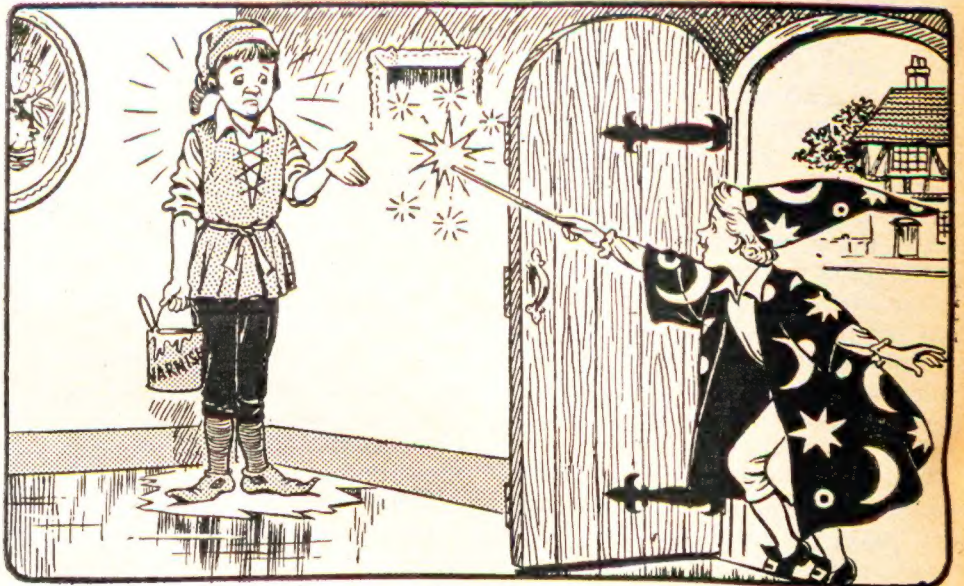
7. They were quite sorry when sunset came, and Willie was able to say his spells backwards and make everything as it had been before. The children thanked Willie for a lovely day, and Mr. Wise said: "Those were very useful spells, Willie. My pupils have learnt a lot of things they could not have learnt in the school-room, and I have my watch back safe and sound."

# Willie Wizz

## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



1. One sunny afternoon, Willie Wizz, the boy magician, was walking through Tumbletown when he heard someone saying: "Oh dear. What have I done? I am a silly fellow!" The voice came from Mr. Popple's house, and, as the door was open, Willie peeped in. He saw that Mr. Popple had been varnishing the floor, and had done it all except for the corner he was standing in.



2. "Look what I've done, Willie," said Mr. Popple. "I cannot get out of my corner without treading on my nice shiny floor and spoiling it. I shall have to stay here until the varnish gets quite dry, and that will take hours!" "Don't worry," said Willie, waving his wand. "I will make a spell." And he said: "Grow some wings and learn to fly, like the birdies in the sky!"



3. Almost before Willie had finished speaking, two big wings grew from Mr. Popple's shoulders. He flapped them and rose from the ground. "Well, you are a good magician, Willie," he said. "Now I can finish varnishing the last little bit of the floor." Willie was pleased, too. His magic spells did not always work quite so well! Sometimes things went wrong with them.



4. But it seemed that there was nothing wrong with Willie's spell this time. Mr. Popple finished varnishing the floor and then flew out through the open door. "I think I'll just fly around for a while," he told Willie. "I've never tried flying before. It is fun." And away he flew, flapping his wings as hard as he could and going higher and higher and higher into the air.



5. Just then Willie thought of something he had forgotten. It was nearly sunset and at sunset his magic came to an end. But Mr. Popple did not know this. "Oh dear. What will happen if he is still flying when the sun sets?" thought Willie. "His wings will vanish and he will come down with such a bump." So Willie ran after Mr. Popple, calling to him to stop flying.



6. But Mr. Popple was having too much fun to take any notice. He was flying above the streets of Tumbletown, going towards the school playground where some children were playing netball. "What can I do?" wondered Willie. "Ah—I know! The goalpost is just the thing." And he waved his wand and said: "Lenie meenie, miney, mo! Goalpost grow and grow and GROW!"

# Willie Wizz

## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



1. Mr. Potts, the park-keeper, was very worried. The bridge across the stream had broken, and he could not get to his park, so Willie made a spell: "Magic spell, please don't go wrong, let Mr. Keeper's legs grow long!"



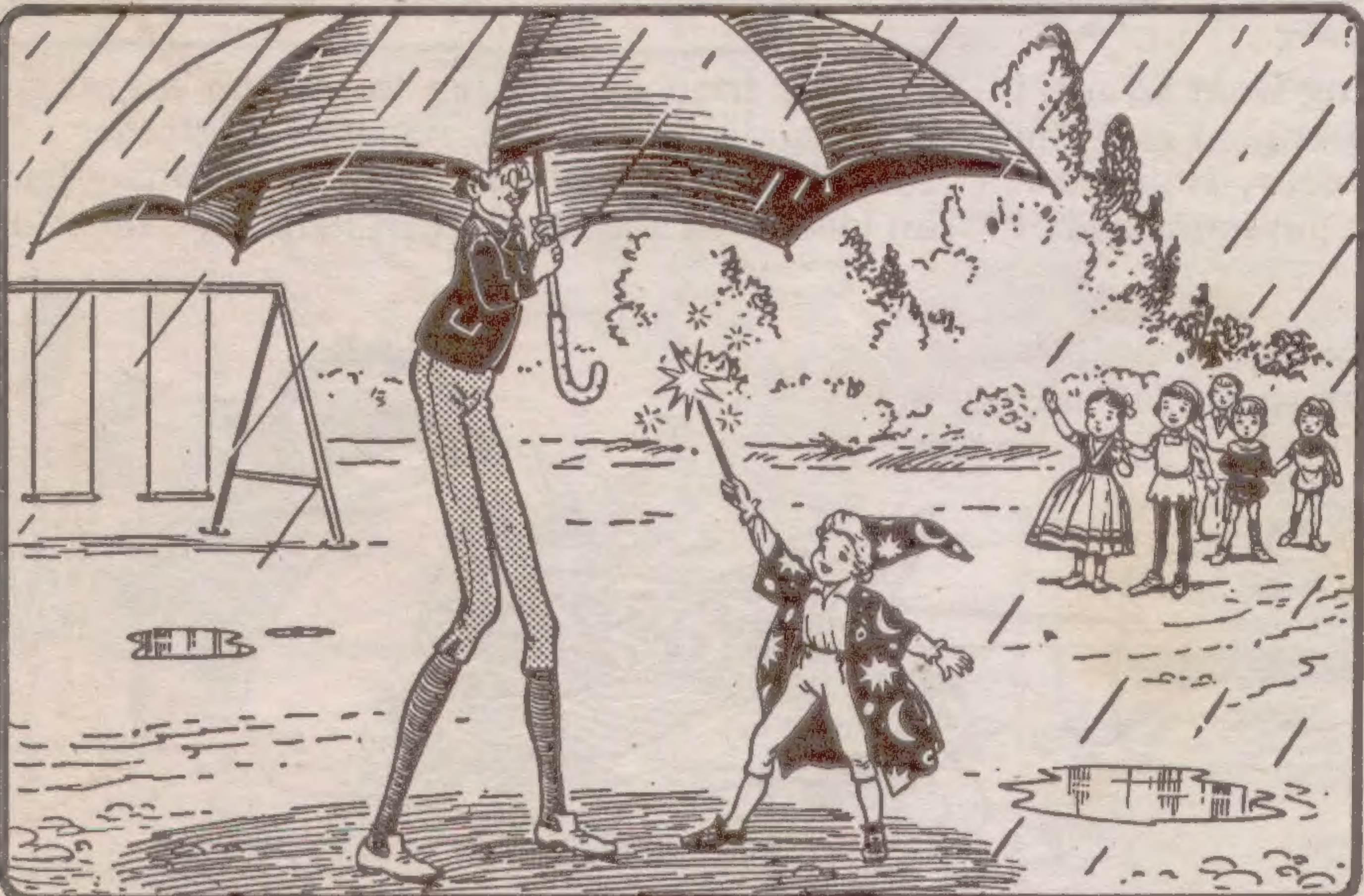
2. The magic *didn't* go wrong, and Mr. Potts' legs *did* grow long. They grew so long that he was able to step across the stream quite easily. He was so pleased with Willie, at first.



3. But when it began to rain and the keeper wanted to go into his lodge, he couldn't get through the door. He was *much* too tall! "Undo your spell now, Willie," he said. But Willie couldn't undo his spells till sunset.



4. The keeper did not feel at all happy. It was still raining, so he managed to reach into his lodge and get out his umbrella. But that only kept the top half of him dry. There was still quite a lot of Mr. Potts left out in the rain! "I am sure to get rheumatism if I get my long legs damp," he grumbled.



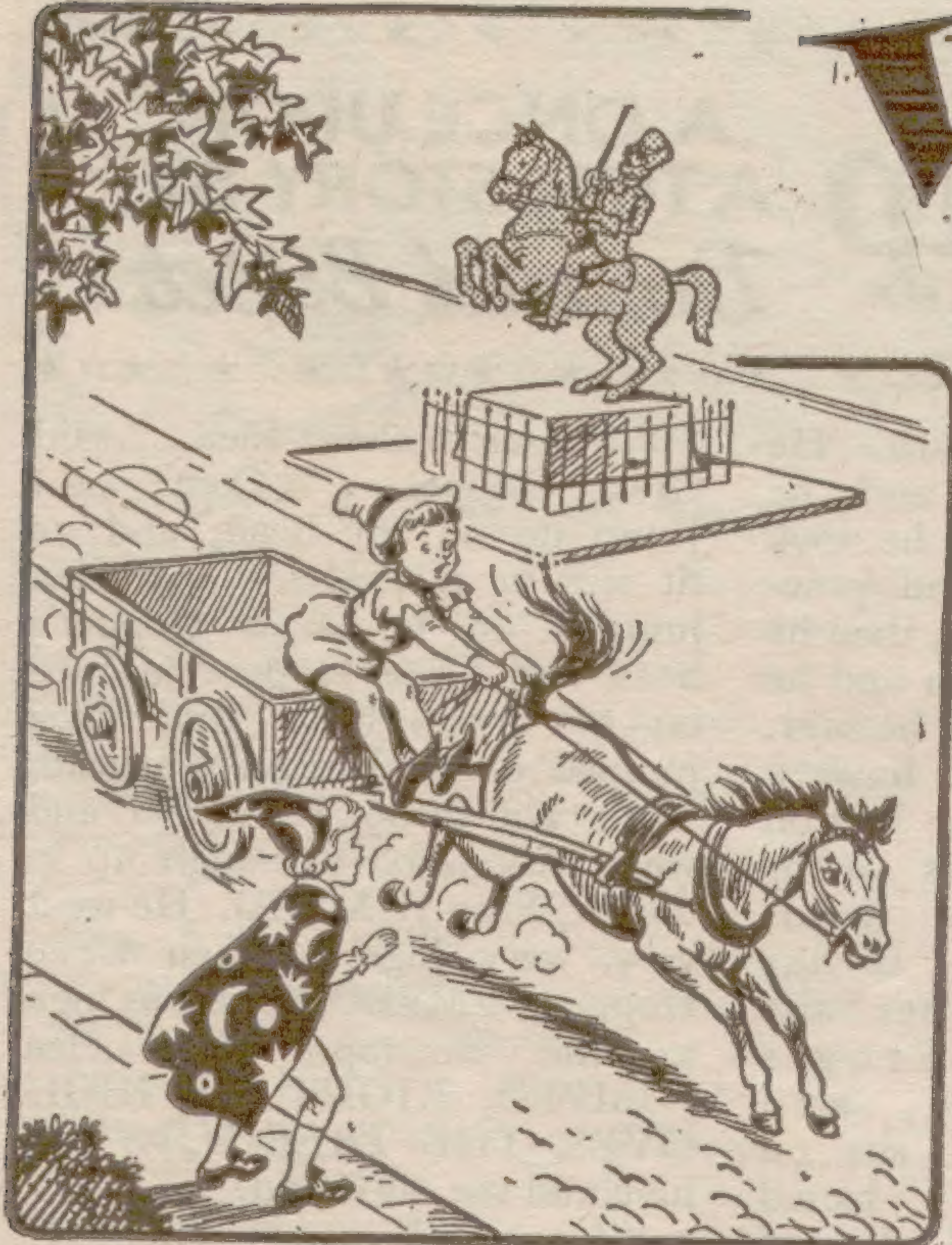
5. "I shall have to make another spell," said Willie. And he said another little rhyme: "Grow, umbrella, lots and lots, to keep the rain off Mr. Potts!" And the umbrella grew and grew and GREW. "There's room for us, too, under that big umbrella," cried some children who had been caught out in the rain.



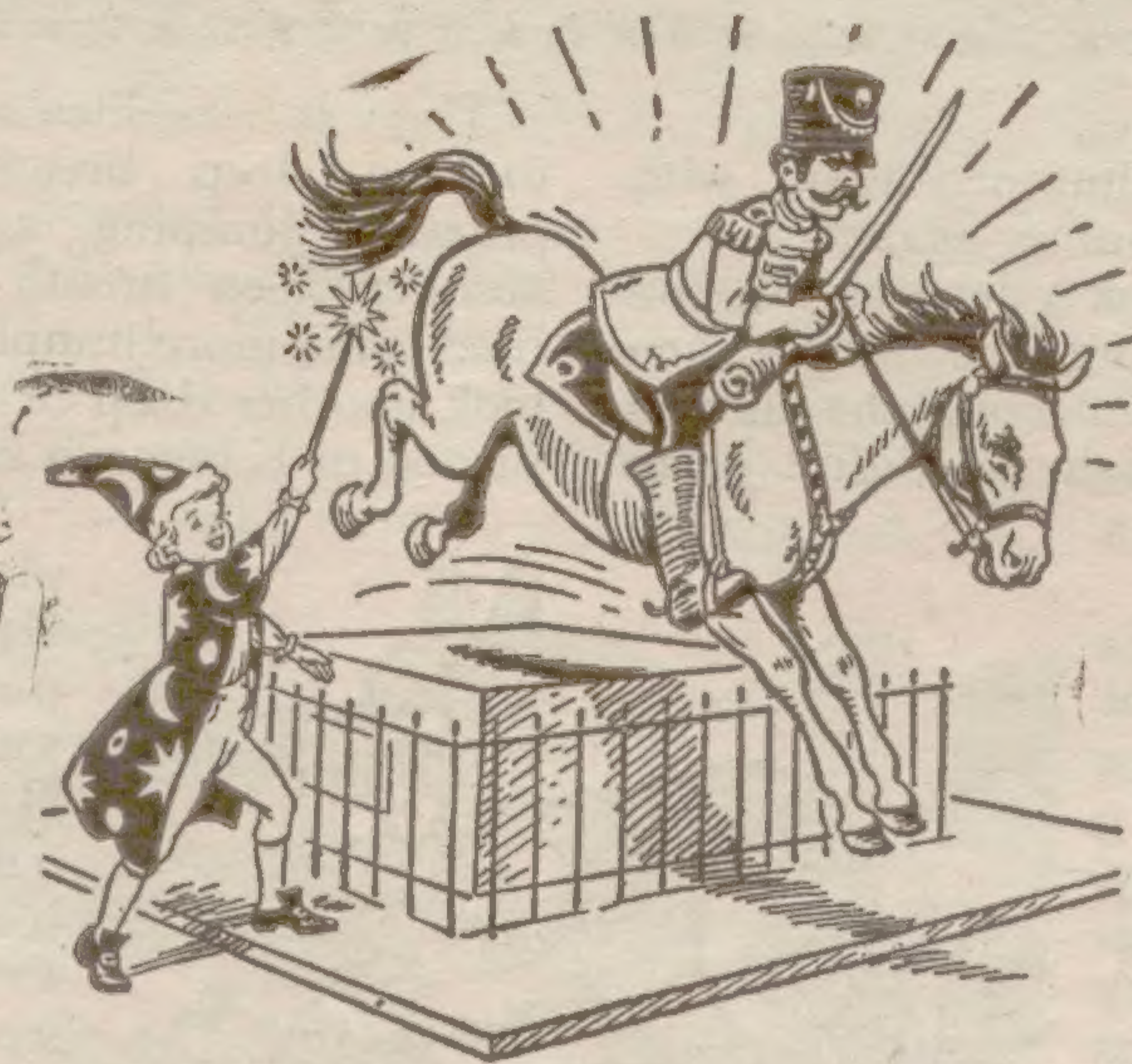
6. And there was I Mr. Potts stood between the joy-wheel and the swings. His umbrella was so big that it not only kept him dry, but kept the rain off the swings and joy-wheel, too. So the children were able to go on with their fun in spite of the shower and everyone thought Willie was very, very clever!

# Willie Wizz

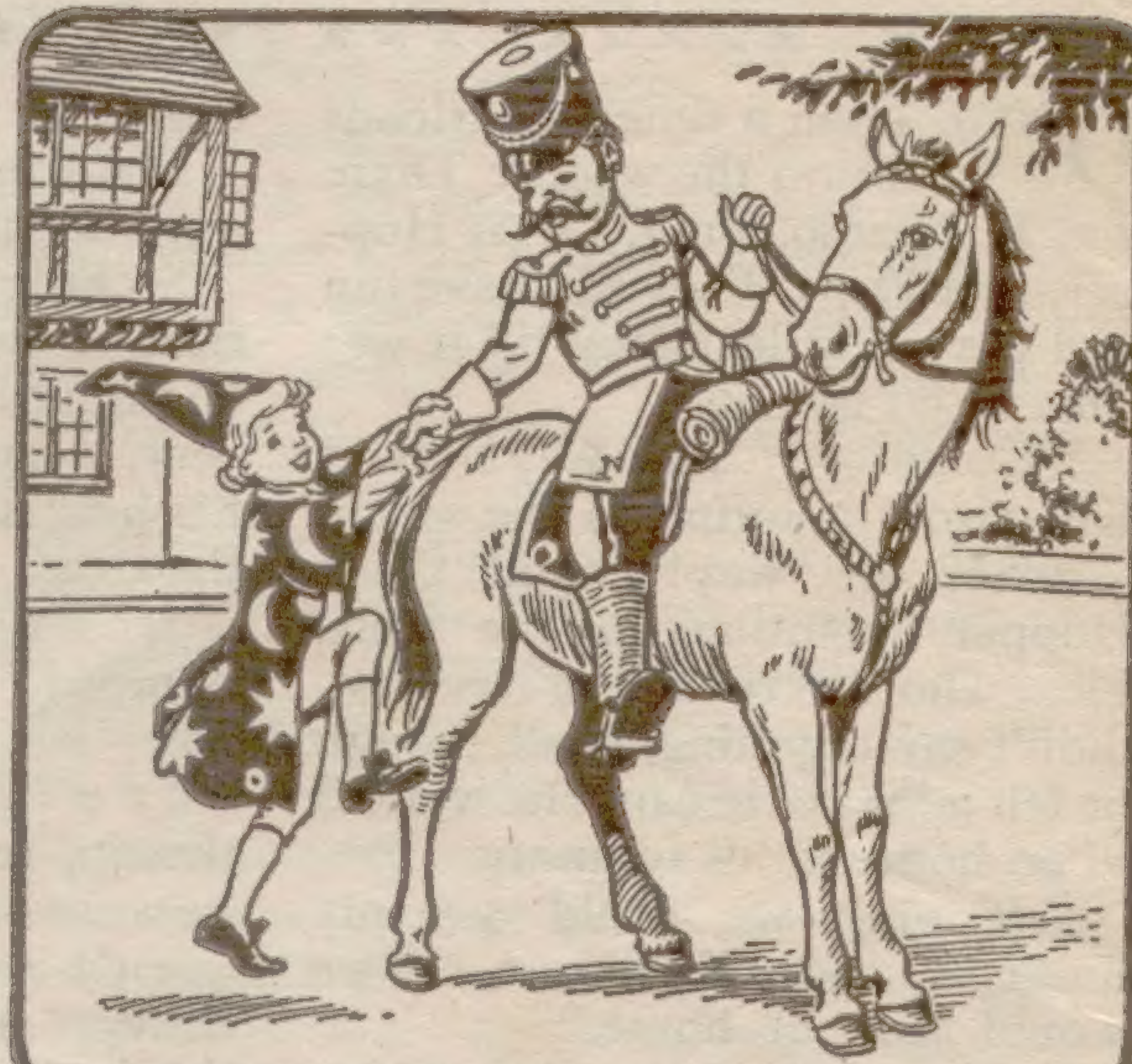
## AND HIS MERRY MAGIC



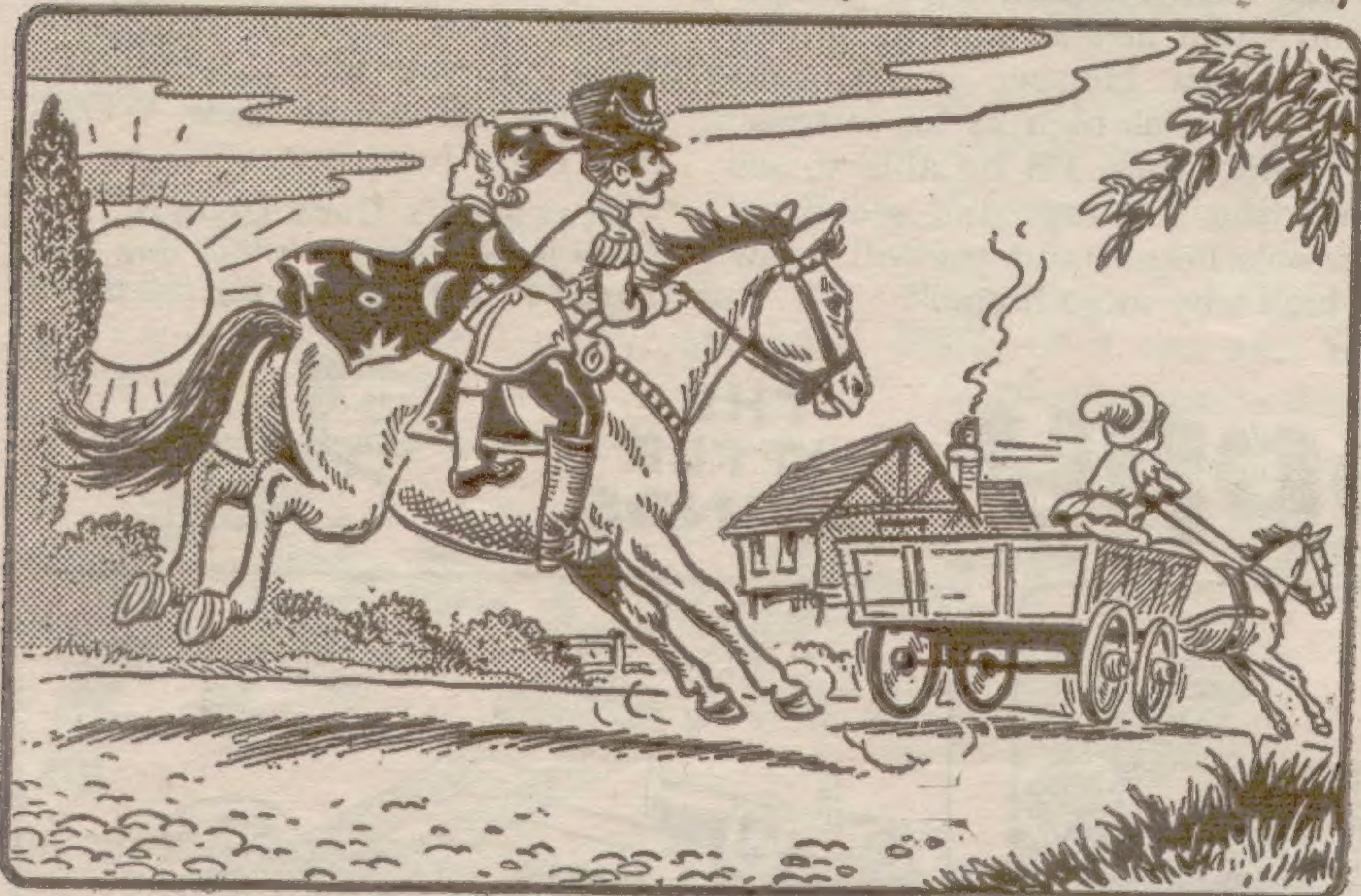
1. Willie Wizz, the boy magician, was walking down Tumbletown High Street one day when he heard a clatter of hoofs and rattle of wheels. He turned and saw Timothy Tabbs' horse running away.



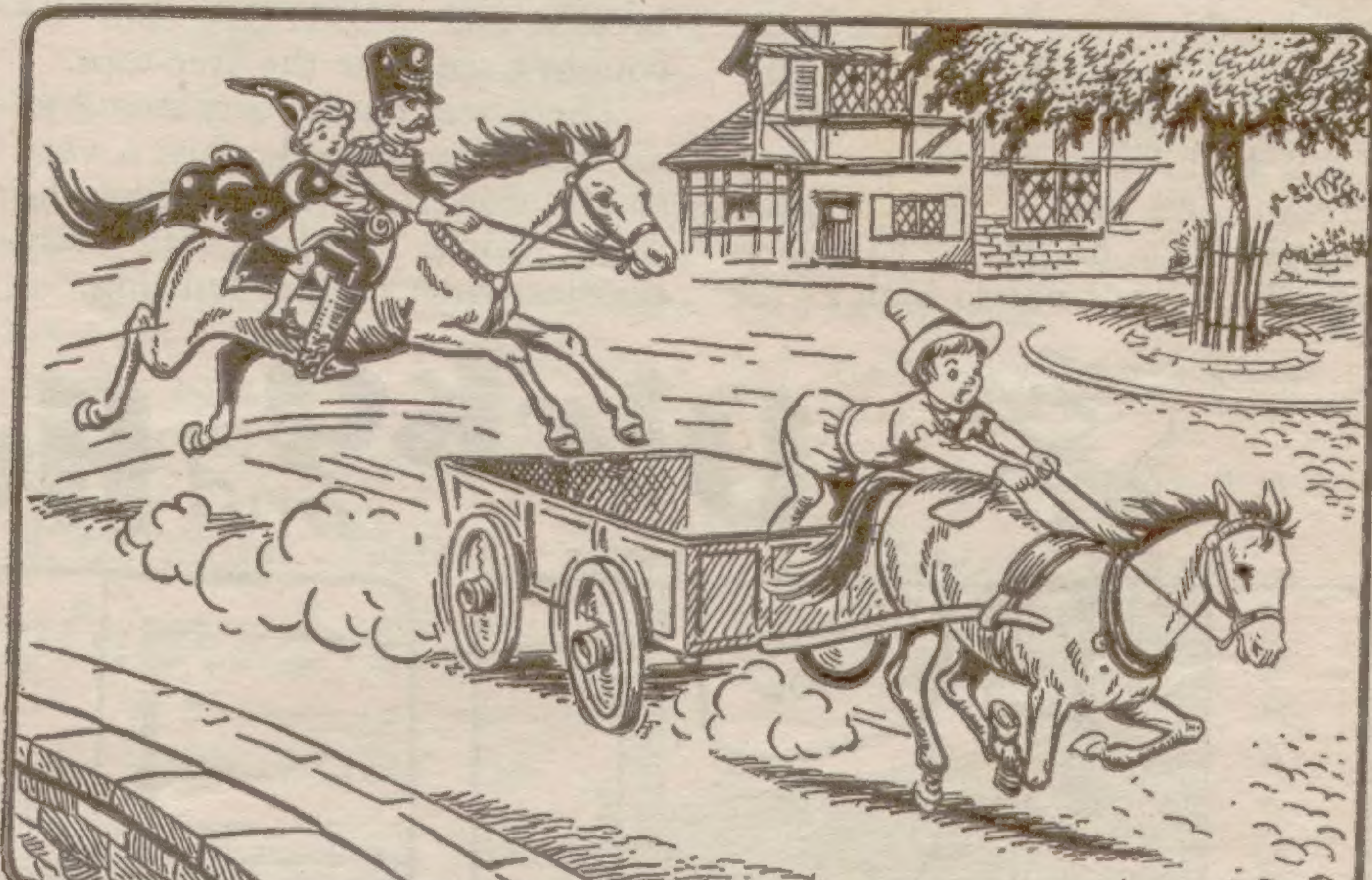
2. "I must do something to help him," thought Willie. And he said a magic spell to a statue of a General on a horse: "Statue, come to life today, and help me catch the runaway." And the statue did!



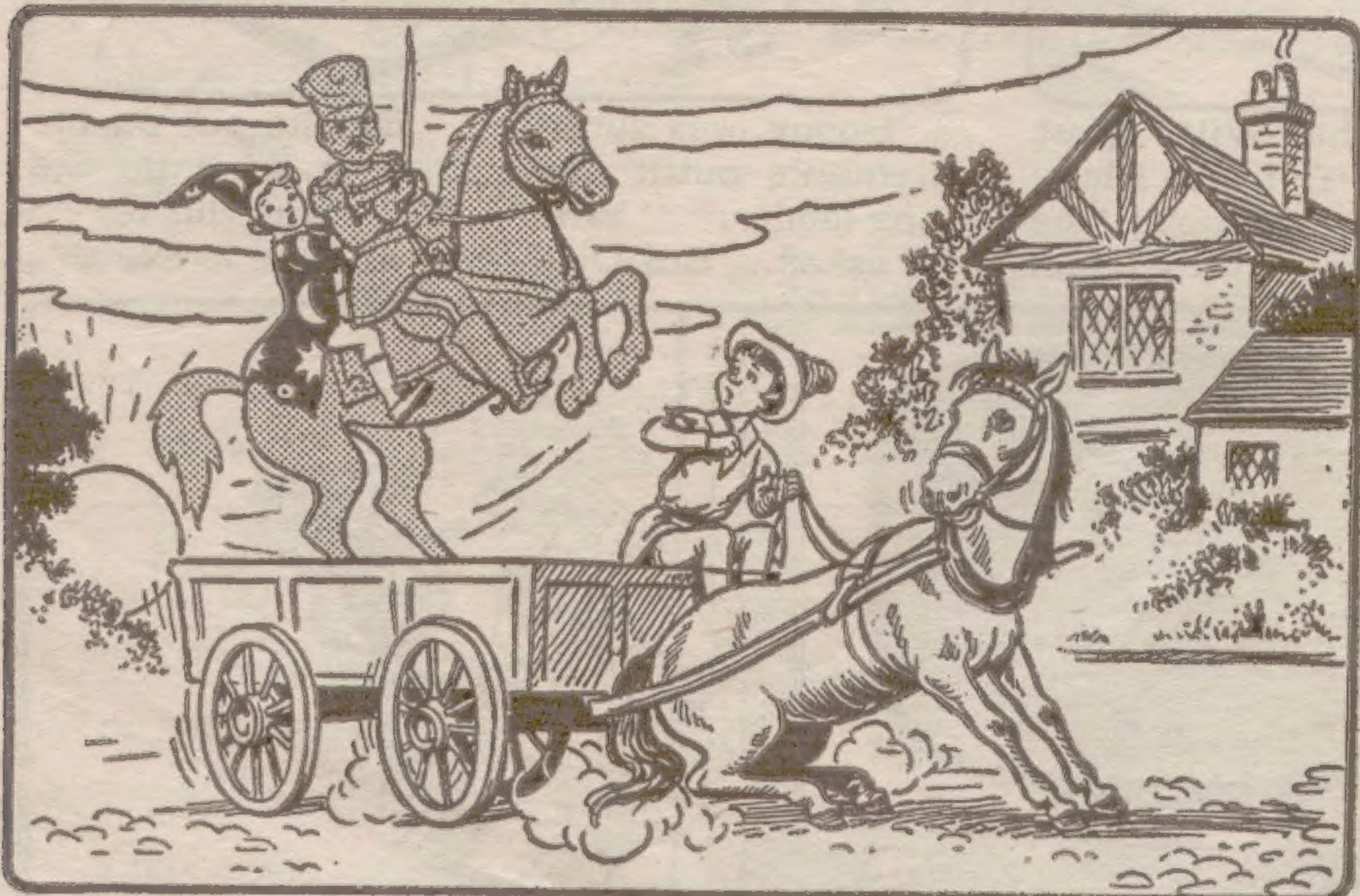
3. The horse and rider jumped down on to the road and the General helped Willie up into the saddle behind him. Then, off they went like the wind, to catch up with Timothy Tabbs and his cart.



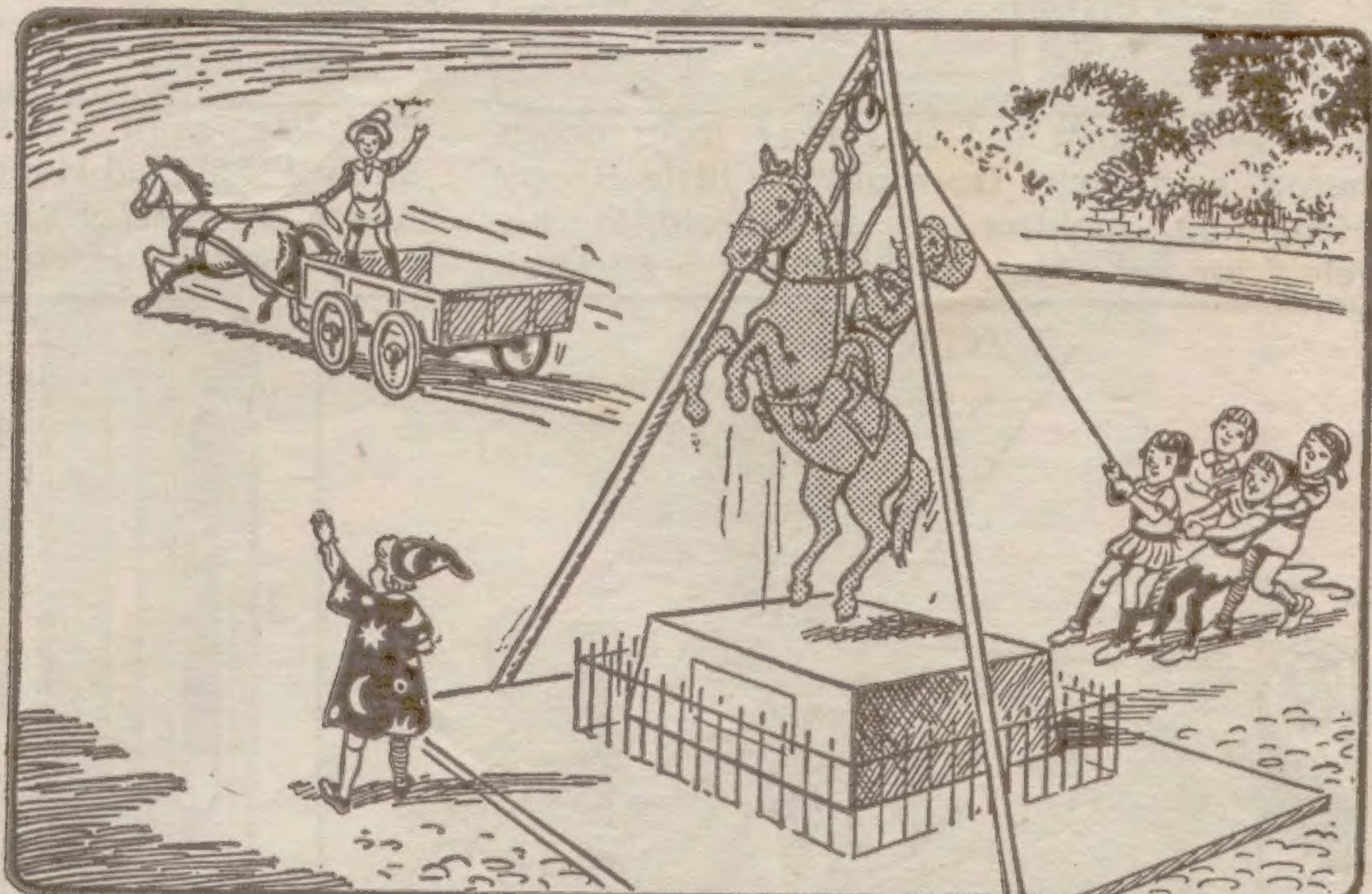
4. Clippety-clop, clippety-clop, went the horse's hoofs as it galloped away down the road and out of the town. Presently they saw Timothy ahead, still trying hard to stop his horse. But the horse wouldn't stop. Then Willie saw something else. The sun was setting and he knew that, at sunset, his spell would end.



5. "There isn't much time left if I am to stop Timothy Tabbs' cart before sunset," thought Willie. So he asked the General to make his horse jump into the back of the cart. It was the only way Willie could think of to make sure that he was not left behind when the spell ended and the statue turned back into stone.



6. He was only just in time. As the horse jumped and landed in the cart, the sun sank and the General and his horse became a statue once more. And the weight of the heavy stone statue in the cart was just too much for Timothy Tabbs' horse. "I give up," he neighed. "Pulling statues around is a bit too much!"



7. But, after a rest, he did pull the statue back as far as its pedestal in the Square. And it did not take the people of Tumbletown long to put the General and his horse in place again. Timothy Tabbs thanked Willie, but Willie said: "Think nothing of it. I enjoyed the ride. It was most exciting!"

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